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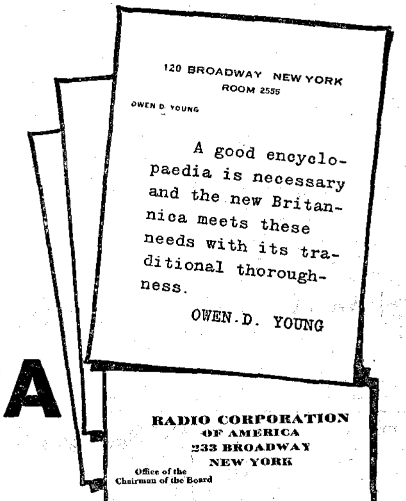
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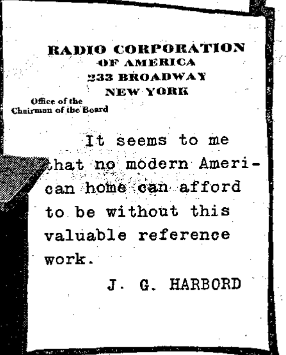
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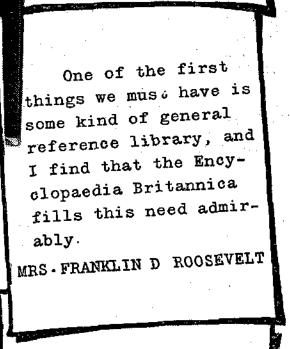
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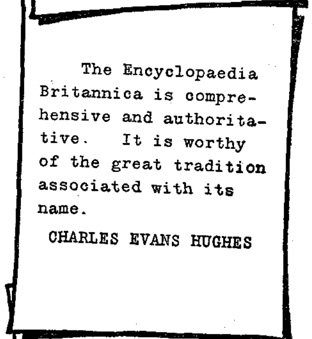
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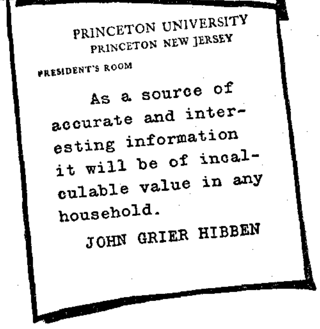
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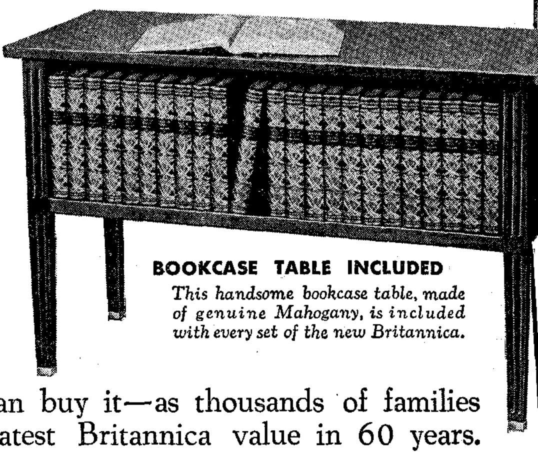

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CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

October 28.—At the opening of the British Parliament, Prime Minister MacDonald announces that the Government is emphatically against putting a tariff on foreign wheat for the benefit of the grain growers of the Dominions, and declares also that the policy in administering the Palestine mandate has not been basically changed.

A tribe of savages in Central Formosa, Japan, sweeps down on the village of Musha and massacres twenty-eight people.

October 29.—The Reichstag Committee on Foreign Relations rejects five motions introduced by anti-Government parties, each demanding immediate stoppage of Germany's reparations payments or the revision of existing commitments.

Provisional President-designate Getulio Vargas of Brazil arrives in São Paulo and receives a tremendous ovation.

Demonstrations by China and Russia occur again along the Manchurian-Siberian border, following the breakdown of negotiations at Moscow for settlement of the Chinese Eastern Railway dispute.

October 30.—An earthquake on the Adriatic coast of Italy, between Ancona and Pesaro, causes the death of fifteen people, the injury of hundreds of others, and much material damage.

The Nobel prize for medicine is awarded to Dr. Karl Landsteiner, eminent bacteriologist and pathologist, a member of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research.

In an address at a dinner given to the delegates to the Imperial Conference by the League of Nations Union, the Prince of Wales asks those who doubt the efficacy of the League of Nations to prevent another war what alternative they have for permanently establishing peace.

Washington Luis, ousted President of Brazil, refuses to resign his office, thus making difficult foreign recognition of the Provisional Government.

General Pangalos, former dictator of Greece, and a large number of adherents are arrested on suspicion of planning to overthrow the Greek Government because of objection to the treaties with Turkey.

October 31.—Dr. Getulio Vargas makes a triumphal entry into Rio de Janeiro to assume the Provisional Presidency of Brazil, pending his inauguration November 15.

November 1.—All the women in the village of Mahebo, only remaining stronghold of the revolting tribes of Formosa, Japan, are reported to have committed suicide, so that the men may battle against Japanese forces unhampered.

Mass meetings are held throughout Palestine, protesting against the new British policy in that country, but all pass off without disorder.

November 2.—Emperor Haile Selassie I, who claims descent from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and Empress Etega Menen, are crowned at Addis Abeba, Abyssinia.

November 3.—Dr. Getulio Vargas takes over the Provisional Presidency of Brazil.

The Maharaja of Bikanir asserts at a luncheon of the British-Indian Union in London that the rulers of the native States would support a dominion Constitution for India if the native States can be assured of equality with British India.

November 4.—The names of former President Augusto Leguia of Peru and his three sons are among those sent to the National Sanction Court to be prosecuted for "illegal enrichment" during the Leguia Administration.

The British Labor Government wins the first test vote, 281 to 250, on a Conservative motion censuring the Government for failure to cure unemployment.

Domestic

October 28.—President Hoover says that the charges of Ralph S. Kelley that the Government was in danger of losing valuable oil-shale lands are an "attempt to charge odious oil scandals to this Administration."

October 29.—Secretary Wilbur dismisses Ralph S. Kelley from the Department of the Interior.

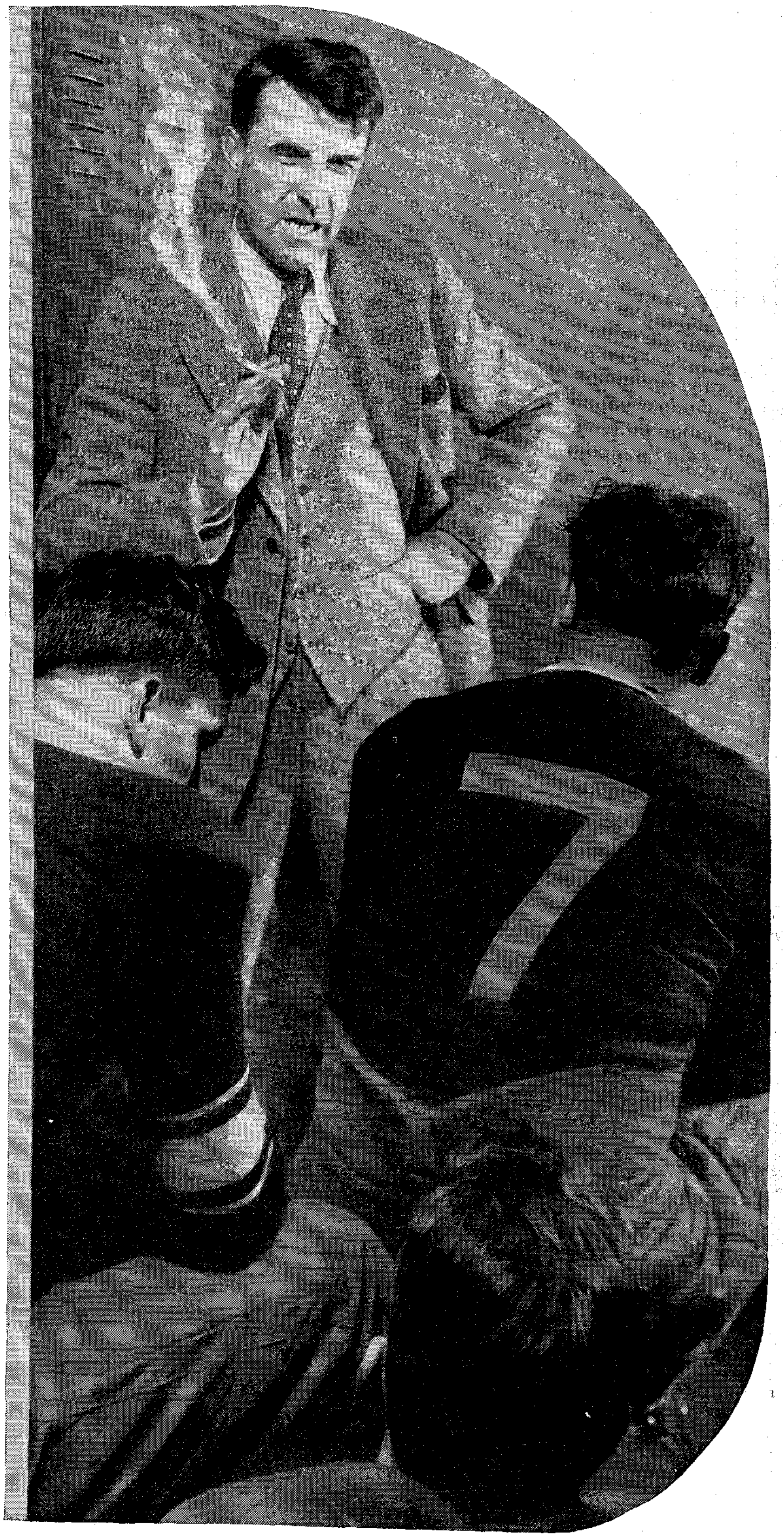
November 1.—An unsuccessful attempt made by five prisoners to shoot their way out of Sing Sing prison, New York, results in the death of one convict, the wounding of another, and a slight injury to a keeper.

November 2.—A monster mass meeting is held in Madison Square Garden, New York City, under the auspices of the Zionist Organization of America, to protest against what is termed Great Britain's "betrayal" in its new policy for administering Palestine.

The average of murders had risen from three a day at the beginning of the year to nearly five a day in September, according to a report by J. Edgar Hoover, director of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, based on returns from fifty-eight cities with a population of 100,000 or more.

November 4.—A Democratic landslide returns Franklin D. Roosevelt as Governor of New York, and sends James Hamilton Lewis to the Senate from Illinois, George McGill to the Senate from Kansas, and Marcus A. Coolidge to the Senate from Massachusetts. Joseph B. Ely, Democrat, is elected Governor of Massachusetts. Dwight W. Morrow, Republican, is elected Senator from New Jersey, while Thomas Heflin, senior Senator from Alabama, loses by nearly two to one to John H. Bankhead, also a Democrat. Gifford Pinchot, Republican, is elected Governor of Pennsylvania. Rhode Island and Illinois vote in referenda for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, and Massachusetts votes in referendum for repeal of the State enforcement act.

The First Operation.—When the use of anesthetics was first introduced in England, the clergy, almost without exception, denounced it, saying the Lord wanted us to suffer, and doctors had no right to make patients unconscious and free from pain. A young Scotch doctor advised clergymen to read in Genesis how "the Lord caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam" before he took out his rib.—*Boston Christian Register.*



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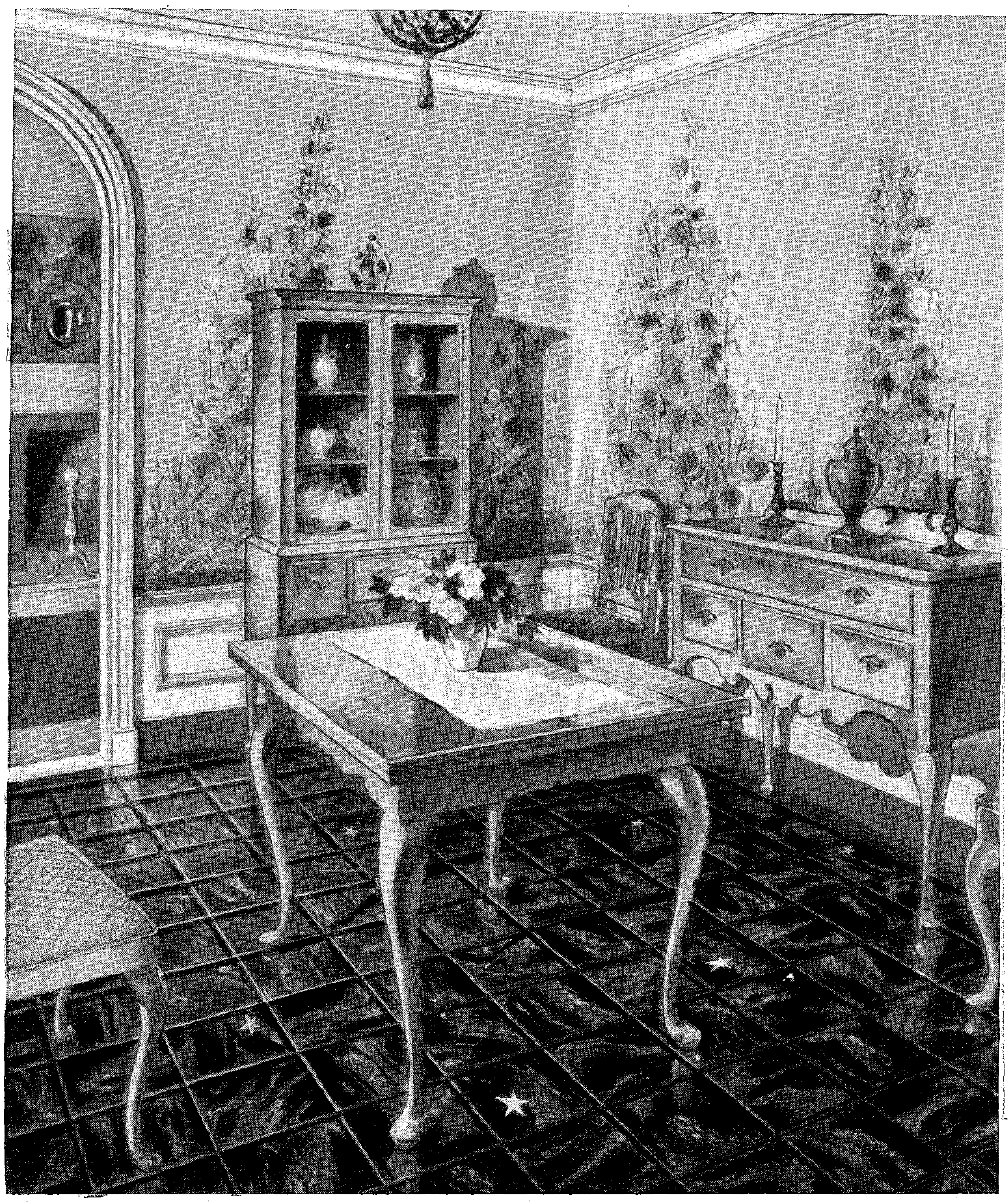

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 15, 1930

TOPICS OF THE DAY

The Democratic Landslide

IT WAS A REAL POLITICAL EARTHQUAKE.

The Democracy was so badly beaten two years ago that people were talking about this being a one-party country. Now its victories at the polls reduce Republican Senate and House majorities to a virtual deadlock, with the actual possession of several closely contested seats awaiting an official recount. It is confident of victory in 1932. And to lead the Democratic hosts to victory in that Presidential year, the nation is conscious of a group of new champions, the most conspicuous of all New York's Governor, Franklin D. Roosevelt, reelected by the tremendous plurality of nearly three-quarters of a million.

International

Democracy's Roosevelt

His reelection as Governor of New York by a plurality of over 700,000 makes Franklin D. Roosevelt the most-talked-of possibility as the next Democratic nominee for President of the United States.

Seldom has a mid-term election brought such an array of fresh personalities upon the national political stage. Let us notice who they are, leaving till later discussion the whys and wherefores of the great national overturn, with the naturally contrasting views of Republicans and Democrats.

"I am going back to the business of the State," said Franklin D. Roosevelt, the morning after election. But there is wide-spread belief that two years from now he will enter a larger field. His enormous majority places him far out in front of his rivals for the 1932 nomination, says the New York *Sun*, and New York papers of both parties admit that he is the most powerful vote-getter the New York State Democrats have had in many and many a year. He is easily the outstanding figure of the election, in the opinion of the Republican Philadelphia *Bulletin*. "The star of a new happy warrior shines in the Empire State," is the way a New York *Evening Post* writer puts it.

Roosevelt, already known throughout the party nationally, well liked in the South, with a strong appeal to Western Liberals, has now demonstrated his astonishing strength in the State of New York, writes Ernest K. Lindley in the New York *World*. And, as Clinton W. Gilbert points out, in a review of political history in the New York *Evening Post*, "It may be said that when there is a really available candidate from New York, the Democrats prefer him to any other."

QUIETLY acknowledging Roosevelt as the leading candidate for the next Democratic Presidential nomination, the Republican New York *Herald Tribune* calls attention to his early record for independence in the New York State Legislature, his work as Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the World War, and his campaigning as Vice-Presidential nominee in 1920. An attack of infantile paralysis in 1921 seemed to put an end to his public career. But during these nine years he has been making a successful fight against this infirmity, and is gradually recovering his strength. Even now, he wears steel braces on his legs, uses a cane, and needs help in mounting the platform when campaigning. But, as he stands steadying himself by the speaker's desk, hearers forget the man's infirmities as they listen to his clear and resonant voice, while the somewhat pallid face lights up with a gracious and appealing smile. To-day, at forty-eight, despite his illness, Franklin Roosevelt possesses a chest expansion exceeding that of Jack Dempsey in his prime. The *Herald Tribune* writer calls attention to the parallel between his career and that of his fifth cousin, President Theodore Roosevelt. Both served in the New York Legislature, both held the post of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, both ran for Vice-President, and both were notable Governors of New York State. And the Philadelphia *Record* credits the Democratic Roosevelt with the qualities of courage and leadership that were generally held characteristic of his famous cousin. It says:

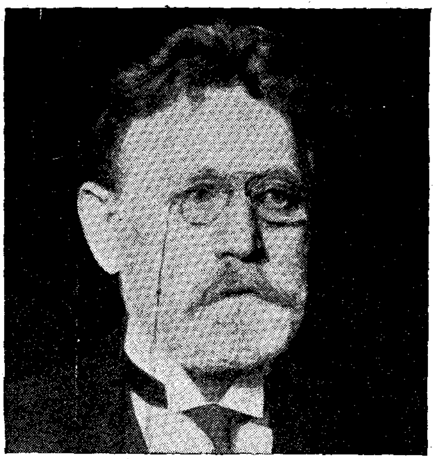
> "He is a leader who leads, and the national Democracy is fortunate to have such a man available for consideration, with 1932 just around the corner, and a Republican administration markedly deficient in strong leadership nearing its half-way mark."

While Roosevelt is an outstanding possibility, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* (Rep.) remarks that:

> "1932 is some distance ahead. He is a wet. Whether the dry Southern delegates to the convention would accept him with any more enthusiasm than they did Governor Smith is a matter for the future."

AND altho Roosevelt becomes a national wet Democratic leader, the New York *Daily News* (Ind.) thinks that another Election-Day conqueror should be mentioned:

> "Albert C. Ritchie was elected Governor of Maryland for his fourth term hand-running.
>
> "Ritchie has never compromised with the drys. He would, perhaps, be better fitted than Mr. Roosevelt to bear the physical burdens of the Presidency.



P & A. photograph

James Hamilton Lewis, Illinois

International

Marcus Aurelius Coolidge, Massachusetts

Robert Johns Bulkley, Ohio

Democrats Who Succeed Republicans in the United States

"He is a semi-Southerner. That makes him not subject to the anti-Tammany bitterness which Southern Democrats visited upon Al Smith, and would visit upon Roosevelt."

Certain notable figures among the Democratic Senators who replace Republicans—bringing the Republican Senate majority in the next Congress down to the vanishing-point—and certain Democratic Governors carrying normally Republican States, call for attention. Here is James Hamilton Lewis, an out-and-out wet, with the famous whiskers once called pink now turning gray, as quick of mind and as active of tongue as he was when Senator before in the Wilsonian days, defeating Ruth Hanna McCormick by nearly as large a plurality as Roosevelt's in New York. "It was the issues of Prohibition, Hoover prosperity, and hard times that gave the Democrats the dynamite that blew the Republicans off the Illinois map," says a New York *Evening Post* correspondent; "it was not an ordinary election, but a seismic upheaval that hit the old rock-ribbed Republican State."

In another important Middle-Western State, Robert J. Bulkley, a man of acknowledged ability, Democrat and wet, succeeds the Republican Senator R. C. McCulloch. Ohio, too, newspaper writers recall, is a State much favored by conventions choosing Presidential nominees. And the Democrats have another Ohioan to talk about in the person of George White, a dry, who becomes Governor in place of a Republican.

New Democratic leaders also appear in New England. If New York presents a Democratic Roosevelt, Massachusetts offers a Democratic Coolidge. Marcus Aurelius Coolidge, an elderly Fitchburg manufacturer, with a passion for collecting old clocks and old China, defeats ex-President Coolidge's friend, William M. Butler, and in the next Congress will give Massachusetts two Democratic Senators—which political historians say has never happened before. A Democrat was also elected Governor, and the Springfield *Union* (Rep.) suggests that business depression, unemployment distress, and Prohibition were the predominant factors which led the voters to make the shift.

Another New Englander in the political limelight now is the Governor-elect of Connecticut, Prof. Wilbur L. Cross, Dean Emeritus of the Yale graduate school, editor of the Yale *Review*, who ran as a wet and a foe of the dominant Republican organization. This scholar enters politics nearing the age of seventy, but welcoming the struggles ahead of him.

One of the surprizing features of the election was the success of George McGill, Democrat, in defeating Senator Henry J. Allen of Kansas, for the short term, Mr. Allen being a close friend of President Hoover and one of the Leaders of the "Young Turks" or "Young Guard" group in the Senate. In Oklahoma, the blind Senator Gore returns to the Senate, which he left when his constituents punished him for being one of the "wilful twelve" who opposed Wilson's war measures. In South Dakota, W. J. Bulow succeeds Senator McMaster, after declaring that he will be a better supporter of the Hoover policies than the somewhat independent McMaster, and promising to lighten up Senate debates by a wit which has brought from Will Rogers the tribute: "He is funnier than I am." In Colorado, a distinguished Democrat, Edward P. Costigan, a former member of the United States Tariff Commission, succeeds a Republican.

Other personal victories loom up as striking in the general Democratic sweep. There is the expected victory of Dwight W. Morrow, Republican, in New Jersey. It might be said that papers throughout the country, irrespective of party, rejoice that a citizen of Mr. Morrow's type enters the Senate. He is spoken of as a leader of wet Republicans and a possible substitute for Mr. Hoover as the next Republican Presidential candidate, altho Mr. Morrow has definitely and emphatically stated that he favors Mr. Hoover's renomination and reelection.

Spectacular and complicated was the Pennsylvania campaign, marked by shiftings of party lines, the exchange of personalities, and strenuous political maneuvering. Gifford Pinchot wins, to become Governor for a second time, and to be the storm center of Pennsylvania politics. Mr. Pinchot says of the election: "It is the triumph of the decent, dry, law-abiding people over the gangsters of Philadelphia." Mr. Pinchot, incidentally, is one of the few conspicuous drys to carry an election in 1930. And correspondents suggest that if there is a dry candidate in the contest for the 1932 Republican Presidential nomination, Mr. Pinchot will be the man. Another gentleman mentioned in this connection is William E. Borah of Idaho, reelected as usual to continue his course of insurgency in the Senate.

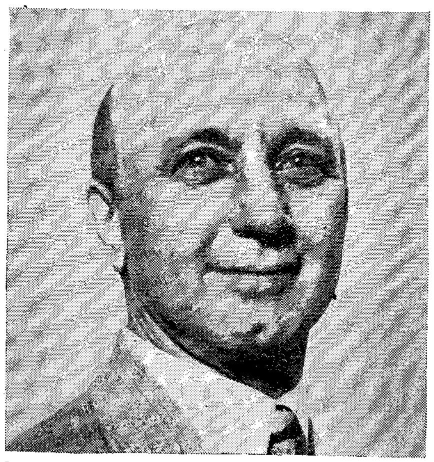
In one State, a spectacular figure is defeated after a bitter campaign. That is Alabama, where J. Thomas Heflin, after being refused the regular Democratic nomination for bolting the Smith ticket, made the race as an Independent, only to be defeated by the regular Democratic candidate, John H. Bankhead.

But the election did much more than introduce a new set of personalities to the people of the United States. When Secretary Stimson was asked what he thought of "the revolution in this country," he replied: "It seemed to be thorough."

Head-line writers generally agree in calling it a landslide.

"The fury bred of the business depression focused for the day on the party in power, and, becoming articulate in the ballot-boxes, dealt the Republican party its worst defeat in a generation" is the way George Van Slyke puts it, in the New York *Sun* (Ind.). "In State after State across the Union a public revolt against economic conditions, Prohibition, the tariff, farm-relief failure, and other major issues has cast Republicans out of Senate and House, Governorships, and State offices in

Thomas Pryor Gore, Oklahoma.



International

George McGill, Kansas

Keystone

Edward Prentiss Costigan, Colorado

Senate as a Result of the Overturn at the Polls

whirlwind fashion," writes Elliott Thurston in the Democratic New York *World.*

"What we have is simply a crazy-quilt" is the way Republican National Chairman Fess concludes his "post-mortem" statement, meaning that there was no single dominant issue, and that separate elections turned on local issues and personalities.

But more definite are the expressions from Republican editors. What happened, says Senator Capper's Topeka *Capital* (Rep.), "was inevitable when a party, which has claimed to be the wizard of prosperity, finds itself in the grip of one of the worst business depressions in a quarter-century." The same statement is made in almost the same words by other Republican newspapers, which feel that the present depression was the main factor in the Republican defeat.

Democrats admit that this played a large part but, as represented by Mr. Shouse of the national party organization, they also lay stress on what they consider "the failure of the Hoover Administration to meet its responsibility and carry out the promises on which it obtained election two years ago." The Baltimore *Sun* (Ind. Dem.) thinks that "depression and anti-Prohibition sentiment tell the essential story."

The more closely the New York *World* (Dem.) examines the election returns, the more it finds that the voters aimed their ballots at the Administration. Above all, it concludes:

> "The people looked to Mr. Hoover for wise guidance on Prohibition, and they got evasion of the issue. They looked to him for leadership in the economic crisis, and they got the tariff.
>
> "Is it surprizing that they have vented their discontent by hitting Administration Republicans wherever they showed their heads?"

Turning to a politically independent observer such as the New York *Telegraph* of the Scripps-Howard chain, we are told that it was the "belly" interest which caused the landslide:

> "Hunger and thirst.
>
> "Hunger for food and jobs and security.
>
> "Thirst, if not for decent liquor, then for the right to it, the right to be free men again in a free country."

David Lawrence of the Consolidated Press summarizes the significance of the election as follows:

> "First—It proved that the party in power is held responsible for adverse business conditions, just as the incumbents are benefited by prosperity.
>
> "Second—It proved that the Solid South was not permanently broken in 1928, for practically all the gains made at that time by the Republicans were wiped out.
>
> "Third—It proved that party regularity is still vital, for Senators Heflin and Simmons, who deserted Al Smith, have lost their seats in the Senate.
>
> "Fourth—It proved that any candidate who hopes for election on either the Republican or the Democratic ticket in wet States must be for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment."

As to what lies ahead, conjectures of course differ.

Republican Senator Moses foresees that "the next two years will contain an amplitude of difficulty for the Administration and for the Republicans generally." But Republican Vice-President Curtis spiritedly proclaims that the election defeat this year "will only act as a spur to our party in the drive of 1932—they can't beat us in 1932."

Democratic writers make much of the fact that the loss of Congress or even a severe check in the mid-term election has practically always been followed by the defeat of the Administration party in the succeeding Presidential election. At any rate, writers of all parties agree that it will be difficult for the President to put through any legislation against a Congress in which he will not have a clear majority in either House. Writes Elliott Thurston in the New York *World:*

> "A practised politician in the White House might strive to capitalize his battles with a hostile Congress.
>
> "Whether Mr. Hoover can pit himself successfully against the next Senate and House is highly doubtful.
>
> "The end of Administration-shaped legislation has arrived for Mr. Hoover. He can not put through a White House program. He can only stop a coalitionist program of tariff-cutting and the debenture form of farm relief by using the veto power."

As to Prohibition, the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind. Dem.) is convinced that "the Election day of 1930 marked the turn of the tide." This, we might say, is the general opinion of wet newspapers, altho the New York *Daily News* (Ind.) is but one of several to point out that "the wets did not win enough or nearly enough seats in Congress to bring about the early repeal or drastic modification of the dry laws." It is a little difficult to discover just what the wet strength will be in the new Congress, partly because some contests are so close that they will be decided only by an official count, partly because certain members-elect have not declared themselves, partly because of individual changes of attitude. But both wets and drys admit that there will be more wets in both Houses of Congress than there are in the present Congress. The New York *Times* thinks there will be practically no change in the Senate, because while the wets "picked up such new Senators as Morrow of New Jersey, Bulkley of Ohio, Lewis of Illinois, and Coolidge of Massachusetts, they stand to lose at least five by voluntary retirement." The same paper estimates a net gain for the wets in the next House of about 44, which will give a "wet bloc" of 135 as compared with 91 now.

The most clear-cut wet gain of course was in the referenda in three States which are discust in the article on the following page.

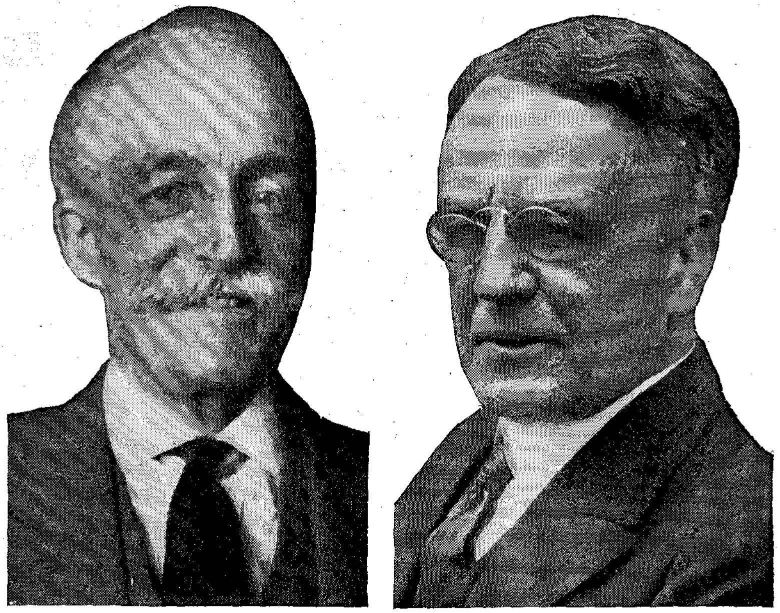
How the "Digest" Poll Stood the Election Test

HOW DID THE RECENT ELECTION bear out The Literary Digest's national Prohibition poll?

How accurately did the canvass of last spring forecast the autumn result?

How did the hotly debated "straw vote" meet the ballot-box test?

First, let us see what the press of the country thinks about it. While some dry editors question the accuracy of the poll, others equally dry are forthright in asserting that it showed the country's sentiment absolutely. Wet papers are loud in their praise of the poll as a barometer.



International

Comfort for Both Drys and Wets

May be found in the victories at the polls of these two outstanding Republicans. Gifford Pinchot, dry, won the Governorship of Pennsylvania, and Dwight Morrow, wet, captured the Senatorship in New Jersey.

"This sweeping advance of anti-Prohibition sentiment can not be said to be surprizing," asserts the dry Memphis *Commercial Appeal.* "It was indicated in the poll of The Literary Digest, which was resented by the militant drys, but which is now shown to have been generally accurate."

"The results," says the Los Angeles *Times*, another dry paper, "apparently are consistent with the drift of public opinion as reflected in the Digest Prohibition poll."

Admitting that "the Prohibition cause has suffered a reverse," Oliver W. Stewart, a leading dry and editor of *The National Enquirer*, of Indianapolis, adds:

> "We had the warning of the Literary Digest poll. Whatever may be said about that much-disputed effort to ascertain the mind of the country on Prohibition, it is certain that it did not show that the cause was politically safe. It gave plain warning of danger."

"The off-year election results are simply confirmation upon confirmation of the accuracy of the Literary Digest Prohibition poll," declares the Boston *Transcript*, (wet). Likewise the Macon *Telegraph* (wet), which finds that "the elections bore out strikingly the results of the Literary Digest poll on Prohibition." Says the Birmingham *Age-Herald* (wet):

> "The fairness of that survey and its value as an index to existing sentiment were demonstrated by Tuesday's returns. In so far as the ballot-box can do so, it has given the Digest poll a flawless endorsement."

On the other hand, William Allen White, dry editor of the Emporia *Gazette*, says:

> "It seems to me that the election indicated nothing important about the wet-and-dry issue, and I feel that the Digest poll, which showed a country overwhelmingly wet, has not been justified in election returns, which make little real differences in the real constitution of Congress. In the matter of Prohibition, chiefly, the election showed that in most States Prohibition was a minor issue. The people were more interested in men and in other measures than in Prohibition."

Another prominent dry, Josephus Daniels, editor of the Raleigh *News and Observer*, says:

> "The elections confirmed the Digest Prohibition polls in New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, Rhode Island, New Jersey, and Ohio. They showed the poll of The Digest was an accurate interpretation of the sentiment in those States—maybe in some others.
>
> "The contrary was true in all Southern States except Maryland, and in most of the Western States."

"The election," adds Mr. Daniels, "gives encouragement to the wets, but there is no such change as they expected, and none that imperils the Eighteenth Amendment. The new Congress is two-thirds dry, and in 1932 no party promising to amend it or repeal it can win."

Now let the pencil brigade have its innings. Those arithmetical sharpshooters can give the verdict on the accuracy of the poll in no time. So, for that matter, can anybody. With a bit of paper and a little simple arithmetic, one can quickly figure out the percentages for himself.

First, let us recapitulate the final report of the Digest poll, as tabulated in the May 24 issue, giving the totals for the forty-eight States and State Unknown. The questions and the vote for each were:

1. Do you favor the continuance and strict enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment and Volstead Law? Yes, 1,464,098.

2. Do you favor a modification of the Volstead Law to permit light wines and beers? Yes, 1,399,314.

3. Do you favor a repeal of the Prohibition Amendment? Yes, 1,943,052.

Grand total, 4,806,464.

Altho the wets are acclaiming big gains in Congress and in State offices, Prohibition seems to have been a clean-cut issue in only three States, and it is in these cases that the pencil brigade will find its chance for action. Only in Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Illinois did the voters have an opportunity to deal with Prohibition as a separate issue, divorced from candidates.

Here is how the November 4 vote ran, compared with the Digest poll:

RHODE ISLAND

Repeal of Eighteenth Amendment—Yes, 172,545; no, 48,540.

The Digest poll showed—For enforcement, 4,492; for modification, 5,894; for repeal, 10,390; total, 20,776.

ILLINOIS

Repeal of Eighteenth Amendment—Yes, 785,068; no, 313,602.

Modification of Volstead Law—Yes, 750,235; no, 277,281.

(4,974 Precincts out of 7,109)

The Digest poll showed—For enforcement, 62,446; for modification, 75,051; for repeal, 117,547; total 255,044.

MASSACHUSETTS

Repeal of State enforcement act—Yes, 641,967; no, 367,165.

The Digest Poll showed—for enforcement, 57,876; for modification, 51,362; for repeal, 96,133; total, 205,371.

We will discuss the wet-and-dry aspects of the Senatorial and Congressional elections in a later issue.

The Light of the World Mounts His Throne

FIVE THOUSAND CATTLE WERE SLAUGHTERED to provide a feast of raw meat for the multitude.

Fourteen nations, including the United States, sent official representatives to the celebration.

A quarter of a million barefooted, black-faced tribesmen, camping in many-hued tents about the city, gave it the appearance of an "African Coney Island."

Three million dollars was spent to stage this never-to-be-forgotten coronation in Abyssinia.

For seven days the multitude indulged in games and feasting.

The climax came when a three-pound crown, with an estimated value of $500,000, was placed upon the head of a frail little man with black hair and whiskers, and he thereby became:

Emperor.

Lord King of Kings of Ethiopia.

Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah.

The Elect of God.

The Light of the World.

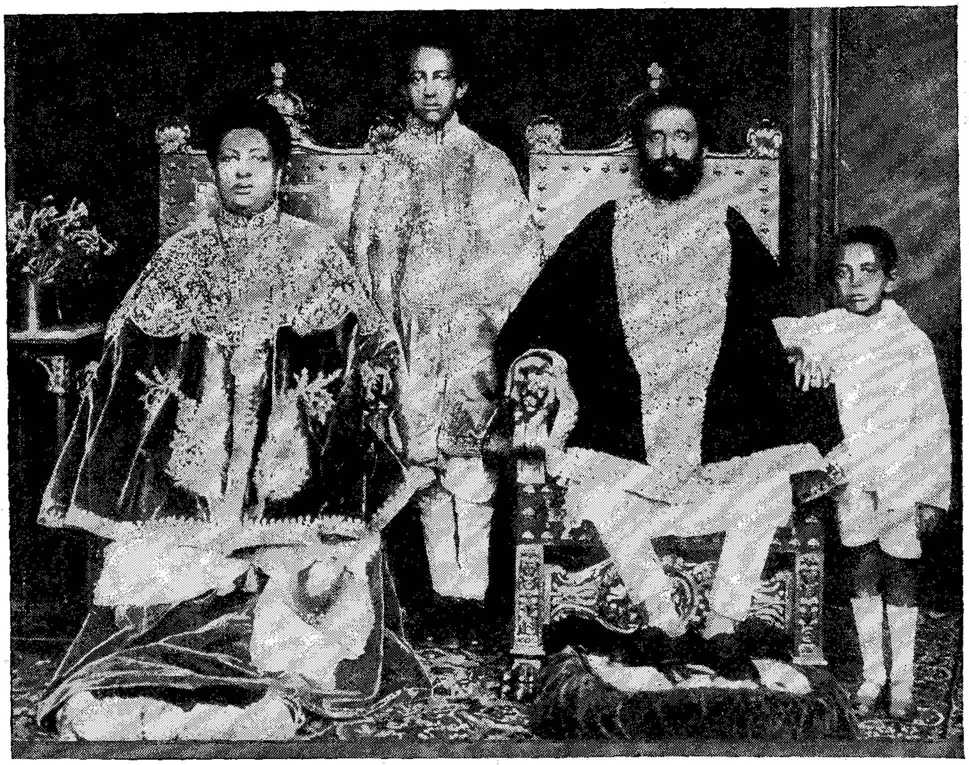
Thus, "amid barbaric splendor and lavish pageantry, Ras Tafari Makonnen, the thirty-nine-year-old prince who has been Regent of Abyssinia (Ethiopia) for fourteen years, was crowned at dawn to-day (November 2) as Emperor Haile Selassie I."

"Simultaneously," adds this Associated Press dispatch from Addis Ababa, "the royal consort, Princess Waziru Menen, a short, rotund woman of forty, was crowned as Queen Etega Menen, Queen of Queens of Ethiopia. This was virtually the Queen's 'coming-out party,' as she has been confined heretofore to her housewifely and motherly duties in the royal household. She has five children, one of them married, and has taken no active part in Court and State affairs." Then follows a vivid description of the coronation of Ras Tafari, who claims direct descent from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and who, in turn, is claimed as their own by Negroes throughout the world—

> "The coronation ceremony, performed by the venerable Coptic Archbishop of Ethiopia, was unparalleled in modern times for quaintness, color, and magnificence.
>
> "As their majesties rode to the church through the dusty streets of the mountain capital, which were packed with tens of thousands of their braves and chieftains, the masses uttered savage cries of acclaim. Scores of natives were trampled in the dust as the crowd surged to catch sight of the coronation party.
>
> "On each side of the potentates, acting as escorts of honor, were olive-skinned, black-bearded, and curly-headed Ethiopian princes and tribal chiefs. They wore multicolored costumes of silk and satin, embroidered in gold and silver. Their shields were of hippopotamus hides. They carried medieval swords and scabbards.
>
> "Behind the monarch and his queen were the high priests in vestments of scarlet, green, yellow, or purple, carrying gold and silver croziers and incense lamps. Following the ecclesiastics were groups of princes and grandees in black silk ceremonial capes, and the members of the Cabinet and Government in their national shammas.
>
> "Ras Tafari and his queen rode in the imperial coach, which once was owned by former Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany. The carriage was drawn by six snow-white horses."

Their coronation robes of scarlet and gold glittering in the sun, they alighted at the Church of St. George, whose interior was "murky, almost suffocating with incense and the thick stifling smoke of tallow candles." Reading on:

> "Small of stature, thin and frail, with delicate, almost feminine features, Ras Tafari nevertheless assumed a look of great dignity and solemnity as the archbishop placed the crown upon his head. Yet the Emperor seemed dwarfed by Queen Waziru Menen, who is of Amazon proportions.



International

They Merely Call Him the Conquering Lion

The Elect of God and the Light of the World—Ras Tafari, newly crowned Emperor of Abyssinia, and his wife, the Queen of Queens. Between them stands the heir to the throne, and on the right is the youngest prince in the royal family.

> "The crowns, fashioned of pure gold, encrusted with diamonds, emeralds, and pearls, are superb examples of native Ethiopian craftsmanship. The Emperor's crown weighs three pounds. That of his consort is but little lighter. Both are surmounted by crosses of diamonds, as Ethiopia has been a Christian country for 1,600 years.
>
> "When the royal couple left the church, they were driven, amid fresh outbursts of applause, to a great, lavishly decorated coronation dais in the big square in front of the palace. Before them, tethered to the platform and growling like captive beasts in a Roman arena, were a quintet of fierce-looking lions with beautiful golden-brown manes, guardians of the throne of Ethiopia, and national symbols of power.
>
> "The most striking of the day's festivities was a Gargantuan open-air feast of raw meat and tej, or wine made from fermented honey and flavored with herbs, which the Emperor gave to 25,000 of his tribesmen. Five thousand cattle were slaughtered on the spot for the feast."

"The young emperor ascended the throne after twenty years of almost continuous bloodshed in Abyssinia," says the United Press, which also tells us that his throne is far from secure, because he is much too progressive for the majority of his people, and not progressive enough for others.

Among the costly gifts received by Ras Tafari from all over the world, says the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, were the following: "An electric refrigerator, a red typewriter, a combination of radio and phonograph with records to fit, 500 rose bushes, a bound set of American magazines, a one-ton cake, 500 bottles of Rhine wine, and an airplane."

Mussolini Snaps His Teeth Again

ITALY'S SOLID-JAWED DICTATOR, who is said to take nothing but a glass of milk for breakfast, seems to be threatening to make a meal of Europe.

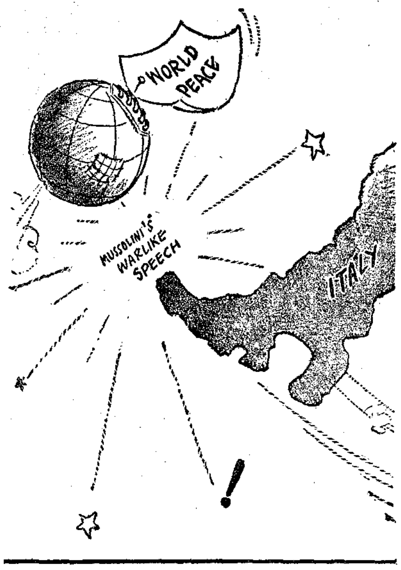
Not only that, he is even snapping his strong teeth at the entire world.

Such, at least, is the way some of our American editors view Mussolini's recent outburst. The latest forthright speech of this sonorous-voiced phrase-maker, "with the gift of golden gab," as Percy Winner says in *The New Republic*, has excited all the capitals of Europe. And the news of it came booming across the Atlantic to land on page one in papers all over the United States, and to echo variously in hundreds of editorial pages.

A moderate speech, say some, but a good many of our editors view it as another piece of saber-rattling, staged chiefly for the benefit of France.

This time, "the bad boy of Europe" chose October 27, the eve of the eighth anniversary of the Fascist march on Rome, to call upon the Fascist party "for a hardening of the policy against its foes in Italy and beyond her borders, and predicted a Fascist Europe within two decades."

"Speaking in Venezia palace," continues an Associated Press dispatch from Rome, "the Premier declared that the doctrines and ideas of Fascism had become world-wide, but that the opposition forces were centering their attack politically upon Italy. He called this 'moral opposition,' and asserted that it was but preparation for military war."



Booted Again!

—Byck in the Brooklyn "Times."

"The speech contained the clearest pronouncement Premier Mussolini has yet made in favor of the revision of the peace treaties," writes Arnaldo Cortesi, Rome correspondent of the New York *Times*, who seems to be a bit lonely in his assertion that "its general purport was distinctly peaceful." Continuing:

> "With this speech, the Duce has now definitely lined up Italy with the nations, such as Germany and Hungary, which want the Treaty of Versailles and the other peace treaties revised in opposition to such countries as France and Czecho-Slovakia, which want them maintained.
>
> "This attitude, Signor Mussolini said, was dictated by his desire for peace, because he was convinced the present situation could not last. He hinted, rather than said, that he thought it better to revise the peace treaties peacefully now than wait till some nations take the law into their own hands and revise them by force of arms."

To Italy, which "envisioned an empire girdling the Adriatic," explains the Newark *Evening News*, "the Versailles Treaty has been a fizzle, a compromise, an injustice."

Before cheering thousands of Fascisti and with the world as an audience, the normally soft-spoken "iron man of Italy" keyed up his voice to thunder forth strong words.

"Anti-Fascism is not dead," he is quoted by Henry T. Russell, of the United Press. "The battle-field is only widened. Yesterday it was Italy—now it is the world. Everywhere the battle for or against Fascism is on."

Referring to his speeches last May at Leghorn, Florence, and Milan—pronouncements which disquieted Europe as warlike—he said, according to cabled accounts:

> "With these speeches I intended to tear the mask from the face of hypocritical Europe, which stammers of peace at Geneva and prepares for war everywhere.
>
> "These speeches were regarded as declarations of war, while it was forgotten that the men, groups, parties, and sects to which I alluded at Florence had been waging war against Fascismo for the last eight years. . . .
>
> "We are fighting against a world in decline, but which is still powerful because it represents an enormous crystallization of interests. Let Fascism take good heed that anti-Fascism is not yet dead.
>
> "A state of moral war against us already exists, but, side by side with moral war, preparations for material war are being hastened at our frontiers. . . .
>
> "Let it be clear that we are arming ourselves spiritually and materially in order to defend ourselves, not in order to attack. Fascist Italy will never take the initiative of war."

Even the Fascist policy of revision of the peace treaties aims at avoiding war, he said. Then:

> "Who violates the League of Nations covenant? Those who at Geneva wish to perpetuate two categories of nations—armed ones and defenseless ones. What juridical or moral equality can exist between armed and defenseless nations? How can one expect this comedy to last forever when its very protagonists are beginning to show signs that they are tired of it?"

Next turning to Italy's expansion policy, he went on:

> "By the year 1950 Italy will be the only country of young people in Europe, while the rest of Europe will be wrinkled and decrepit. People will come from over the frontier to see the phenomenon of this blooming spring of the Italian people.
>
> "Only toward the East can our pacific expansion occur. This explains our friendships and our alliances. . . .
>
> "To-day I affirm that the idea, doctrine, and spirit of Fascismo are universal. It is Italian in its particular institutions, but it is universal in spirit; nor could it be otherwise, for spirit is universal by its very nature.
>
> "It is therefore possible to foresee a Fascist Europe which will model its institutions on Fascist doctrine and practise, a Europe which will solve in the Fascist way the problems of the modern State of the twentieth century."

On the tenth anniversary, in 1932, of the Fascist march on Rome, said the Premier, the capital will see the largest armed gathering in all its history.

Who does Mussolini mean in all this defiant talk?

"Mussolini might just as well have named a name when he mentioned that military preparations were being made by other nations along his country's frontier," writes the Paris correspondent of Universal Service. "The memory of France's significant military maneuvers at strategic points on the Italian border just before the September meeting of the League of Nations still is fresh in all European minds."

Mussolini's speech caused the French press to declare, according to the United Press, that "revision of the treaties means war, while the status quo insures peace."

A generally calm attitude was manifested by the French newspapers, altho observers agreed that Il Duce's speech emphasized the difficulty of settling the naval parity dispute between the two countries.

The immediate conclusions drawn from the address, as summarized by the Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, were:

> "That Mussolini was angling openly for closer cooperation with the German and Austrian Fascists;
>
> "That his present policy points toward a possible alliance of Italy with the former Central Powers which would be dangerous to European peace;

"That Mussolini's declared policy of Italian eastward expansion promises new disturbances for the Balkans;

"That portions of Il Duce's speech seem designed as an attempt to startle the members of the League of Nations Preparatory Disarmament Commission into radical steps toward disarmament;

"Finally, that the Fascist régime in Italy must be in a more wabbly condition than outside appearances indicate—otherwise, why should Mussolini protest so much?"

Berlin's reaction to the speech is described by John Elliott, another correspondent of *The Herald Tribune:*

"The speech naturally created a great echo in Germany, especially in Nationalist circles, which see in it the answer of Il Duce to the Hitlerite victories in the Reichstag elections of September 14.

"In particular, the Italian Premier's remark in repudiation of his former dictum about Fascism being 'no export article' has delighted the Nazis.

"On the other hand, the government press here is annoyed by what it considers Italian meddling in German domestic politics, and holds that the desired goal of treaty revision will be retarded rather than advanced by Premier Mussolini's championship.

"The memory of 'the great treason' of 1915, as the Germans call it, when Italy broke away from her obligations under the Triple Alliance and entered the war on the side of the Allies, has since caused Germany to view with suspicion every offer of aid from Rome."

LOWELL THOMAS
The Literary Digest's Radio Voice

Is to be heard nightly, except Sundays, on a nation-wide hook-up which includes the following stations:

N. B. C. NETWORK
6:45 *P. M., Eastern Time*

WBAL—Baltimore
WBZA—Boston
WLW—Cincinnati
WJAX—Jacksonville
WIOD—Miami
WJZ—New York City
KDKA—Pittsburgh
WPTF—Raleigh
WRVA—Richmond
WHAM—Rochester
WBZ—Springfield
WFLA
WSUN } Tampa

COLUMBIA NETWORK
7 *P. M., Central Time*
8 *P. M., Eastern Time*

WADC—Akron
WGST—Atlanta
WBRC—Birmingham
WKBW—Buffalo
WMAQ—Chicago
WHK—Cleveland
KRLD
WRR } Dallas
WXYZ—Detroit
WOWO
WGL } Fort Wayne
WFBM—Indianapolis
KMBC—Kansas City
WREC—Memphis
WCCO
WRHM } Minneapolis
WDSU—New Orleans
KFJF—Oklahoma City
KOIL—Omaha
KTSA—San Antonio
KMOX—St. Louis
WFBL—Syracuse
WSPD—Toledo

"The nub of the situation in Europe to-day," as defined by Universal Service's Paris correspondent, already quoted, is:

"On one hand those who are willing to fight to revise the peace treaties, and on the other, those determined to fight to maintain them without revision."

It must be said that most of the American press censure this speech of Mussolini, and from divers angles. Summing up the views of many papers, the New York *Evening World* says that "the most generous explanation that can be offered for the amazing sword-rattling is that it was intended for home consumption."

"Italy can not afford to go to war," adds the Birmingham *Age-Herald,* "but the logic of internal affairs may make it impossible for Il Duce to hold on unless he can do something to distract the attention of the people from their distress and their loss of freedom with the glamour of nationalistic enterprise."

"Once it was the Kaiser in Berlin who rattled the saber; now it is Mussolini," declares the Syracuse (N. Y.) *Post-Standard.*

However, Mussolini is not entirely friendless here, for many mix praise with their censure. The New York *Times,* for one, thinks he struck "the moderate note." "While his oratory most certainly is not conducive to stabilization and reassurance in Europe," says the Chicago *Daily News,* "what he says about reduction of armaments is true. Germany will not long remain practically disarmed if the other European Powers continue to evade the explicit pledge of general reduction of armaments."

Here are the conclusions of the Springfield *Union:*

"Mussolini unquestionably saved the country from threatened anarchy and ruin, and in the eight years of his leadership, Italy has undergone wonderful improvement.

"There is, however, the danger that much if not all of the good he has wrought may be undone, if by persisting in his bellicose utterances he incites a warlike spirit both at home and abroad which may get beyond control and involve part or all of Europe in another disastrous conflict."

Unknown Soldier in a New War

RUMBLINGS OF BITTER CONTROVERSY threaten the peace of the Unknown Soldier's tomb.

Britain's Labor Government proposes that official envoys and missions discontinue the customary ceremony of placing memorial wreaths on the tombs of the Unknown Soldier in the countries they are visiting.

The first dispatches from London announcing this proposal characterized it as a striking gesture toward "eradication of the memories of the Great War" among all nations.

The following day, however, a cable to the New York *Times* explained that the purpose of the Labor administration was "merely to relieve visiting officials of the virtual obligation to lay a wreath on an appropriate war memorial." The same dispatch quoted Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton as saying that "if wreath-laying is to become merely a formal courtesy between governments, then it ought to be terminated." And the London *Times* said editorially:

"We wish neither to burden our visitors with an unnecessary ceremonial nor to entangle the Cenotaph with mere courtesies. So, far from 'eradicating' our memories of the million dead, and of the example that must never be lost, the effect of the present proposal will be to maintain their inspiration in surer dignity and sincerity."

Altho most of the foreign governments are said to have replied favorably to the British proposal, the popular reaction to it seems to be sharply divided.

"If the ceremonies have any meaning at all, it is too sacred to become a matter of rule and rote," says the Washington *Star;* and in Alabama the Birmingham *Age-Herald* insists that what was once a tender and beautiful gesture should not be allowed to become a mere formality."

But the expressions of dissent are emphatic. In Brussels *The Nation Belge* exclaims indignantly: "Even if Mr. MacDonald's government has no memory, ours has." In London *The Morning Telegraph* calls it "an act of offensive folly." Even "mere ceremonies," remarks the Philadelphia *Inquirer,* "are useful reminders of the past, which could not be ignored or forgotten without rank ingratitude."

But the bitterest protest comes from the pen of England's veteran poet, Rudyard Kipling, whose only son was killed in the war. In a poem called "Memories," published in the London *Morning Telegraph,* Mr. Kipling accuses the Labor Government of washing its hands of the soldier dead, of wishing to destroy the virtues of faith, obedience, sacrifice, honor and fortitude, and of plotting to undermine and destroy the aims of Britain in the war. In this poem the "Socialist Government" is supposed to be speaking. Kipling makes it say in part:

No need to make the plot more plain
  By any open thrust:
But—see their memory is slain
  Long ere their bones are dust!

Wisely, but yearly filch some wreath—
  Lay some proud rite aside—
And daily tarnish with our breath
  The ends for which they died.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

Wonder who'll be president of the South American Ex-Presidents' Association.—*Albany News.*

South America's greatest need just now seems to be a revolution to end all revolutions.—*Springfield Union.*

Now that somebody proposes building houses of rubber, the home stretch shouldn't be so difficult.—*Roanoke World-News.*

"A man usually enters a public house optimistically," comments a reformer. And comes out misty optically.—*Passing Show (London).*

The Government announces that there are too many bears in Yellowstone Park. It might add that Wall Street is suffering from the same complaint.—*Judge.*

The outer covering of young eels, says a nature note, is so thin that you can almost see through them. They do not, however, cross their legs in street cars, too.
—*Boston Herald.*

Heaven for a pedestrian would be a place where all of the streets would always be torn up for repairs.
—*Louisville Times.*

Doughnut month means little to those who tried to beat Wall Street. The nuts haven't any dough.—*Fountain Inn (S. C.) Tribune.*

At present nobody can foresee which will win the endurance record—the Chinese war or the Chicago gang war.—*Indianapolis News.*

It would be a good idea to find Justice Crater, get his recipe for disappearing, and give it to Old Man Business Depression.—*Nashville Banner.*

The eohippus, the primeval ancestor of the horse, was only a few inches high. He passed out, however, before he could be utilized in peewee polo.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

All the ways of the Indians were, of course, not just what they should be, according to the notions of civilization, but they surely knew their stuff when they devised their summer.—*Indianapolis News.*

And of all the animals that crawl away and sleep for the winter, the one we miss the most is the janitor.—*Judge.*

Wilbur Glenn Voliva is going around the world to prove it is flat. Don't say "flat," Wilbur—say "financially depress."—*Dallas News.*

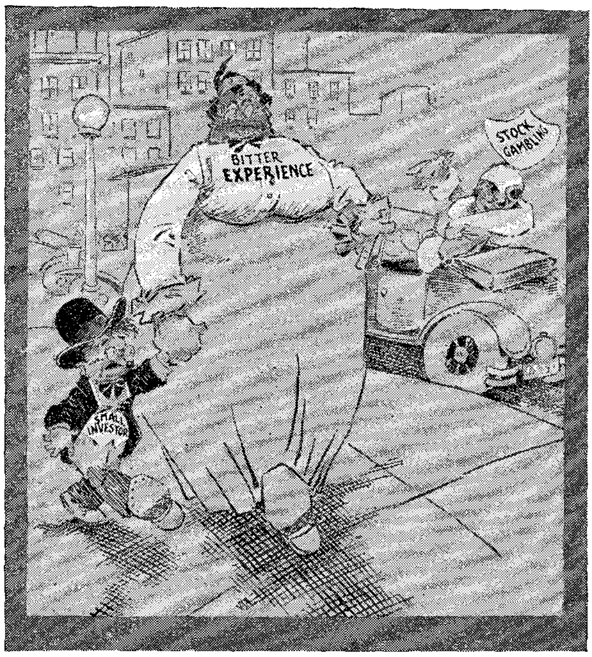
A sculptor is dissatisfied with the statues in Chicago. They certainly would appear more realistic with their hands in the air.—*Passing Show.*

Among the other old-fashioned things that need a new definition to bring them into harmony with the times, is the term "securities."—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

There is probably little truth in the story that a man on Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, recently yelled "Oh, Commissioner!" and nine men stopt.—*Louisville Times.*

Henri Matisse, French painter, returned, recently, from the South Sea Islands. Asked what the natives there do for a living, he is said to have replied: "They sell copra, and Robert Louis Stevenson's inkwell."—*Kansas City Star.*

Major Burwash, who made airplane explorations in the Arctic, says he had grapefruit for breakfast every morning. Among the perils of the Arctic we must now include that of starting a squirt of juice and getting an icicle in the eye.—*Detroit News.*



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Eyes Front, Rollo, Eyes Front!
—Hanny in the Philadelphia "Inquirer."

Chiang has been converted to Christianity, and hopes to convert the Communists into angels.—*Dallas News.*

The world now has almost every kind of government except the kind they promised to be.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

The buy-it-now movement is highly commendable, if it is accompanied by a pay-for-it-now action.—*Indianapolis News.*

The month's palm goes to the one, whoever he may be, who referred to overoptimistic bulletins from the government departments as Pollyananias.—*Detroit News.*

Check-up made since the wife of Mayor William Hale Thompson, Chicago, was robbed of her jewelry, indicates that King George has a water-tight alibi.—*Ohio State Journal.*

It now appears that the coffee situation is the chief cause for the revolution in Brazil. We've tasted coffee like that, too.—*Judge.*

There is a kick in much of the stuff being trafficked as whisky, but it is often the last.—*Toledo Blade.*

Fundamentally, says Mr. Coolidge, the nation is sound. So it is, the big talkie.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Fashion decrees broader shoulders for men this year. Necessity also demands stiffer backbones.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

An insane-hospital up in New Jersey has installed a miniature golf course for use of its patients. Try to laugh that off.—*Jackson News.*

Law enforcement will receive its greatest boost when murder in Chicago is treated as seriously as parking alongside a fire-hydrant.—*Louisville Times.*

The sign says: "Send Your Old Clothing to the Police Station." But, gosh, if we do, we're likely to land there ourselves. We couldn't masquerade as a marathon-runner this time of year.—*Boston Herald.*

Concern advertises the perfect bridge lamp. Must be light enough to see by and too heavy to throw.—*Dallas News.*

A free land is one in which you can say what you think if the majority thinks the same thing.—*Beaumont Journal.*

Scientists say that city air is much worse than country air. Possibly because so much of it passes through saxophones.—*Judge.*

A Bank of England director says that nowadays people have given up saving money. They have also given up wagging their tails, and for the same reason.—*Passing Show.*

A Chicago bandit held up and robbed a man on his way to the dentist, so that he was unable to keep his appointment. Some of those bandits are not bad at heart.—*Detroit News.*

Scientists have achieved some wonderful results, and maybe in time one of them will succeed in producing a cigaret the ashes of which will match the color of the rug.—*Louisville Times.*

"I always prefer a man with a cheerful, open face," says a writer. When paying a visit to one's dentist, tho, it is very difficult to keep it cheerful and open at the same time.—*The Humorist (London).*

That was a clever young operator who caused the rescue of a sick man when she heard him groaning into the telephone. She knew at once that something was wrong because the groaning came before and not after he had tried to get a number.—*Boston Herald.*

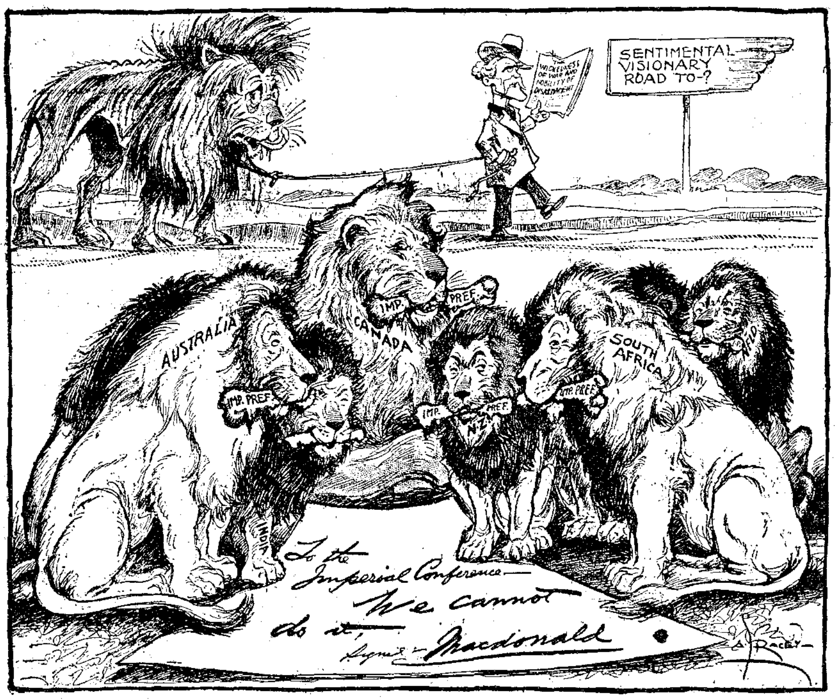
FOREIGN COMMENT

The Shipwrecked Imperial Conference

"EMPIRE FREE TRADE is an absolute fraud."

With this smashing declaration in the House of Commons, Premier MacDonald is said by some Dominion editors to have sounded the knell of the Imperial Conference.

His emphatic assurance that his Government would not and could not put a British tariff on foreign wheat for the benefit of the grain-growers of the Dominion means, we are told, that the Imperial Conference, so far as the economic program proposed by Canada and Australia is concerned, has failed.


SENTIMENTAL VISIONARY ROAD TO-?
THE WICKEDNESS OF WAR AND NOBILITY OF DISARMAMENT
AUSTRALIA
CANADA
IMP. PREF.
IMP. PREF.
INDIA
IMP. PREF. N.Z.
SOUTH AFRICA
IMP. PREF.
NFLD
To the Imperial Conference— We cannot do it, Signed— Macdonald
A. J. RACEY

Family Cooperation Rejected

Chorus of Dominions (bearing assistance for head of family): "We might as well go home now." —A. G. Racey in "The Daily Star" (Montreal).

"The first thing, and in some cases the last thing, every Dominion Premier has asked, has been for us to tax wheat," Mr. MacDonald also said, and he added: "We can not do it."

ALTHO there is nothing surprizing or unexpected in the British Prime Minister's statement, remarks the Montreal *Daily Star* (Ind.), it puts into official language the declaration already made by Mr. Graham, President of the Board of Trade of the Labor Government, that it sees no virtue in tariffs. This newspaper continues:

> "The rejection of the wheat offer does not mean that the Labor Government has deliberately cast aside the principle of preference in interempire trade.
>
> "They may still shy at the use of tariffs to secure this end, but there are many ways equally effective, if less direct, of securing such a preference other than tariffs.
>
> "Premier MacDonald, indeed, has accepted the principle of interempire preferences by declaring that such preferences as are now given to the Dominions by existing tariffs shall stand so long as the tariffs in question remain in operation.
>
> "Of course, this is cold comfort to the large and growing body of opinion that wants concrete and definite tariff preferences not only because it believes they are a cohesive force to bind the Empire but on the grounds of practical business.
>
> "Moreover, the Government does not shut the door against Canadian wheat 'relief,' for it is now investigating other suggestions for encouraging interempire trade, such as bulk purchases of wheat and other products, import boards and quota systems, the rationalization of production, and the possibility of concluding separate treaties with the Dominions on the same lines as that which has been drafted and is awaiting signature between Britain and the Argentine.
>
> "Of course this willingness to investigate the problem of wheat production and distribution does not carry us very far.
>
> "Germany, France, Belgium, and Italy still maintain their high tariffs against Canadian wheat, and in addition they are dumping subsidized grain on the Liverpool market.
>
> "Russia is using the credits she obtains under her five-year plan to undersell our Canadian wheat wherever she can, even at the expense of allowing millions of her own people to go hungry."

So far as the present Conference is concerned, thinks the Montreal *Gazette* (Cons.), the major plan of Empire-building must be abandoned, to be revived, perhaps, at some future date. Prime Minister Bennett, this daily recalls, has warned the British Government and British people that the tariff offer made by him in the name of Canada may not be repeated.

The British Government, *The Gazette* says tartly, has persisted in its attitude in the face of that warning, and with it rests "the responsibility for what may be the irretrievable loss of a magnificent opportunity."

Premier Forbes of New Zealand is quoted in the press as saying of the Imperial Conference:

> "We simply seem to be drifting and not getting anywhere.
>
> "The whole question is wrapt up in that of food taxes. Mr. Snowden says distinctly that there will be no food taxes—well, you can't get beyond that.
>
> "Instead of food taxes, the Government is suggesting theoretical problems. We are practical people in the Antipodes.
>
> "We know things which will work and have worked, but we look upon theoretical things with some suspicion.
>
> "The attitude of the Government, therefore, leaves little hope of real progress.
>
> "We can not force them to change their views; we can only put forward our side."

APPARENTLY the Dominion Premiers have become impatient, observes the Ottawa *Citizen*, which is nevertheless inclined to cast a look of hopefulness into the future:

> "When the sequel to this Imperial Conference is held, in accordance with Mr. Bennett's invitation, next year in Ottawa, perhaps the British Ministers will be more accommodating.
>
> "There may have been a change of government in Great Britain in the meanwhile. Winston Churchill may be the Chancellor of the Exchequer to speak for the British nation at the conference in Ottawa.
>
> "It may have been decided to accept Canada's terms."

The Prime Minister of New Zealand, laments the Liberal London (Ont.) *Advertiser*, has followed the lead of Mr. Bennett in projecting himself into British politics and it proceeds:

> "It seems now that the Imperial Conference, on which high hopes were built when Canada in May last reduced her tariff upon British products, will adjourn without results.
>
> "More unfortunate than the absence of any trade agreement will be the ill-feeling engendered by the ill-advised attempt of Mr. Bennett and Mr. Forbes to dictate a policy of their own making to the British Government.
>
> "Ironically, the only Prime Minister yet speaking on the subject who has taken the correct and dignified attitude is the much-abused General Hertzog of South Africa.
>
> "The Prime Ministers of Australia, the Irish Free State, and Newfoundland have so far kept silence, but now that the veil of the Conference has been rent, they may disclose their views."

To Vote Them Younger in Japan

A LOT OF NEW VOICES will be heard in Japan at the polls. That is, if the Government's plan to give the vote to all men above the age of twenty goes through. The proposal must undergo the scrutiny of the Election Law Reform Committee first, but Japanese editors in general expect that the Committee will approve it.

Meanwhile, they also advise us that members of the Young Men's Associations, who have not the franchise, took an active part in the last election campaign, even tho they had no vote.

So, perhaps, some Japanese journals remark, the Government made up its mind that it might as well extend the vote to men above twenty. At present, only men above twenty-five years of age have the ballot.

Keystone View photograph

Election Posters in Japan

Men's voting age is to be lowered from twenty-five to twenty; and the campaign for woman suffrage is continuous.

ONE objection that might be raised to the reform, says the Tokyo *Asahi*, is that young men who have just attained their majority could not be expected to use their vote intelligently. But, it is argued:

> "This is no reason for denying young men the suffrage. They may not have enough political training to enable them to use their rights in the right way.
>
> "But education can enable them to do so.
>
> "Members of the Young Men's Associations are men below the age of twenty-five.
>
> "Yet many of them have as good knowledge of politics as those enjoying the suffrage.
>
> "There is a rule against their participation in political activities, yet it is common knowledge that they take active part in election campaigns.
>
> "The part played by the members of the Young Men's Association in the last election campaign is a credit to them.
>
> "It showed that if given the vote many of them would use it as intelligently as any."

Extension of the franchise to men of twenty sets the *Ashai* thinking of women's right to vote. To deny them this right while giving it to men of twenty seems "funny," and we read:

> "The Home Ministry is preparing a bill granting women citizenship. Why not give them the national vote?
>
> "Conditions have changed and there is no more reason for refusing women the suffrage than for refusing young men the same right."

Labor's Loss in Norway

NOT IN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS has there been so heavy a vote cast in Norway as was recorded in the October elections.

What is more, we learn from the Norwegian press, the radical Labor groups suffered a reduction of seats in the Storting from 62 to 46.

All the non-Socialist parties made gains, especially the Conservative, which increased its strength in the parliamentary body from 31 to 45 representatives out of a total of 150.

The government party of the Lefts also acquired a few new seats, but they were not so successful as the Conservatives.

It remains to be seen, therefore, say some Conservative Norwegian editors, whether the Labor Cabinet of J. L. Mowinckel will have to yield its power to the Conservatives when the new Storting assembles at the beginning of January.

At the elections held in November, 1927, we read in *The Statesman's Year Book*, the following parties were elected for the period of 1928-1930: Labor party, 59; Conservatives and Moderate Liberals, 31; Liberals, 31; Communists, 1; Agricultural party, 28.

Among the Conservative and Liberal newspapers there seems to be an agreement of opinion that the defeat of Labor is due to the excessive and increasing radicalism of Norwegian Socialists.

A minor body of the Labor group, we are told, is so advanced as to adhere to the Moscow International. And the bulk of the party admits to a belief in revolutionary methods.

This, in the view of Conservative and Liberal editors, was too much for the voters of Norway. And so they explain the gain of 200,000 votes by the non-Socialist parties, while the Labor groups suffered a loss of 12,000 votes. The Conservative Oslo *Tidens Tegn* observes:

> "The election signifies a reaction against the menace of revolution, the uncertainty of Labor's fairy-tale policy; in short, against all that has been like a nightmare in our economic life, and stopt all progress.
>
> "Common sense has gained the victory. We shall be able to breathe more freely after this day."

The Liberal Oslo *Dagbladet* maintains that the policy and government of the Lefts have been strengthened through the election, and adds:

> "The tendency in the Conservative direction which has taken place is not strong enough to give the Conservative parties a majority in the Storting.
>
> "For a radical reform policy, founded on the program of the Lefts and under the leadership of the party, the prospects should be bright in the Storting assembling after New Year."

ADMITTING defeat, the leading Socialist organ, *Arbeiderbladet* (Oslo), states editorially that the chief reason for the election result is to be found in the way in which the non-Socialist parties during the campaign have represented Norwegian labor as "the great and dangerous bugbear."

Thus they simply frightened thousands of voters to cast their ballots in favor of policies toward which the same voters are merely lukewarm, the paper declares. It adds also that this explains the progress of the other parties and the comparative standstill of labor. But this Socialist organ asserts:

> "The non-Socialist press to-day is exuberant. It assures us that now the Red danger is over, and even promises good times.
>
> "Confidence in business and industrial life is reestablished, it is stated. And we are to enter an easier period!
>
> "Time will show. It may appear—and even very soon—that the non-Socialist press deceives both itself and others. And then the question of 'afterwards' presents itself."

These Days of Revolutions

THE HARVEST OF WAR IS not victory or defeat, but revolutions.

A dozen years after the conflict we are still confronted with revolutions in various parts of the globe—half a dozen this year in South America alone, notes the London *Economist.*

And that there will be no fresh revolutions in Germany, Austria, and Spain is asserted with a little too much emphasis, this weekly says, to carry conviction.

Revolutions in permanent session, it is then stated, are on view in Italy, Russia, and a number of Oriental countries. Reading the bare catalog of these upheavals, a future historian may wonder how human life can have gone on at all in such a world. But, says *The Economist:*

"The answer which we contemporaries can leave on record for his benefit is that there are revolutions and revolutions.

"If revolution in Peru or the Argentine meant as much as in China or Turkey or Russia, the world would certainly be in a bad way; while if it meant as little in Italy as it means in Latin America, the human race might go on peacefully marrying and giving in marriage, without realizing that the Flood had come and gone.

"Usually—tho events in Brazil seem to be a sterner business—your Latin-American revolution is the most easy-going kind.

"It might almost be defined as the cheapest method of changing governments that has been hit upon in the modern world.

"If the cost, per caput, of a Latin-American revolution were worked out and compared with the income, per caput, of the nation which underwent it, it would often prove to be a much less expensive operation than a general election in Great Britain or a Presidential election in the United States.

"And it effects a further saving another way. Elections in orderly constitutional countries tend to increase the overhead charges of political life by adding to the number of professional politicians, whereas Latin-American revolutions bring welcome relief from this dead weight, since Latin-American politicians, like Kilkenny cats, have a convenient habit, for which revolutions give scope, of eliminating one another."

Of a very different kind, it is pointed out, is "revolution in permanent session," such as we witness in Turkey or China or the Republics of Soviet Russia. One week, it is said, the citizen has to accommodate himself to a new national head-dress.

Another week, he has to learn to read and write in a new alphabet, and make his appointments by a new calendar.

Another week, he has become an economic pilgrim, progressing toward salvation on a five-year plan, and *The Economist* continues:

"For the unfortunates whose lives have been speeded up to this revolutionary pace, a visit to contemporary Berlin would be a rest-cure. We can picture the Persian visitor, in his compulsory 'Pehlevi cap,' having the 'Nazi cap' pointed out to him in the streets by his German cicerone.

"'So that is the cap which Herr Hitler is going to make you wear?'

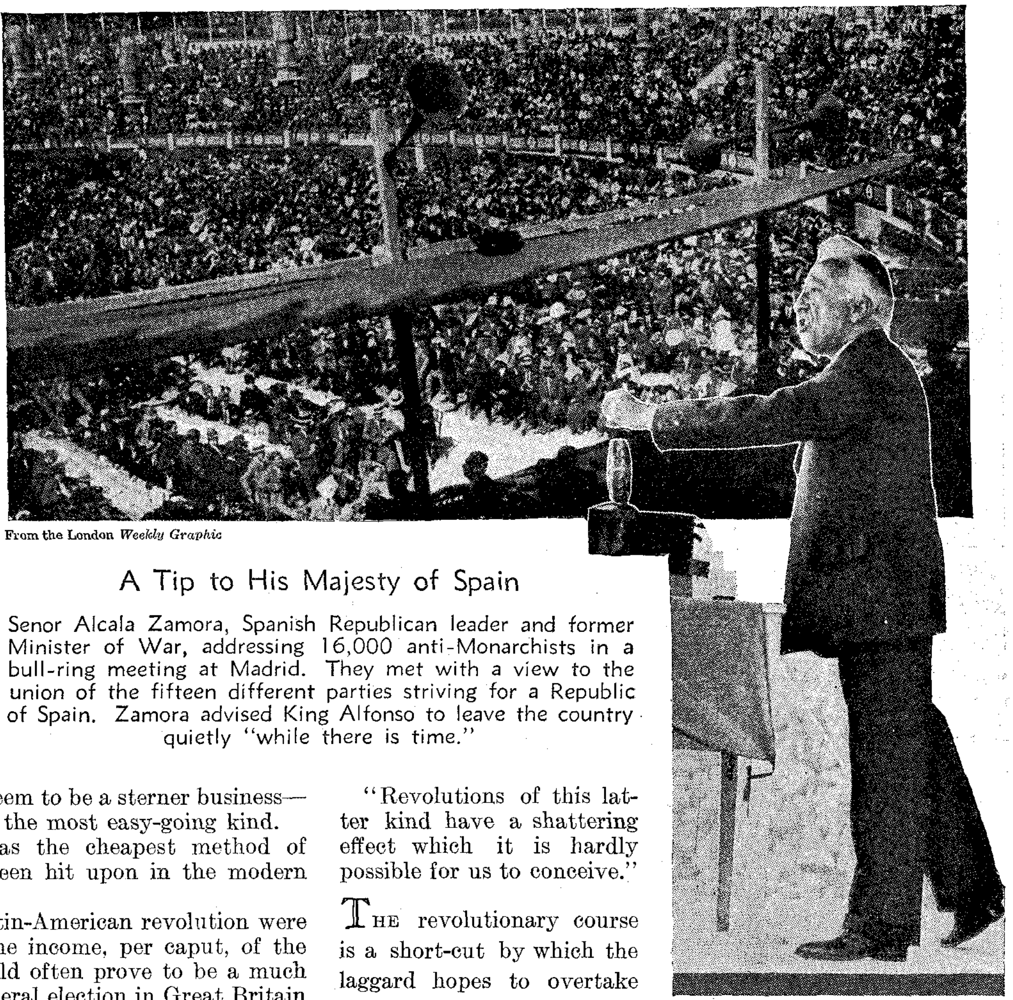
"'No, he won't go as far as that. He only insists on wearing it himself.'

"The Persian is at a loss to understand why his German friend pulls such a long face over it.

"'Why, if that is all,' he exclaims, 'I fail to see your grievance. In Persia, for all I care, the Shah might sport any hat he pleased, if only he would not insist upon making me wear it as well.'

"We have put our finger here upon a criterion by which revolutions can be classified.

"There are revolutions (like that at Buenos Aires, the other day) which leave the private lives of ordinary people almost unaffected; and there are other revolutions (like those which are now in full blast all day and every day in Persia or Turkey or China) which do not leave their victims a soul to call their own.



From the London *Weekly Graphic*

A Tip to His Majesty of Spain

Senor Alcala Zamora, Spanish Republican leader and former Minister of War, addressing 16,000 anti-Monarchists in a bull-ring meeting at Madrid. They met with a view to the union of the fifteen different parties striving for a Republic of Spain. Zamora advised King Alfonso to leave the country quietly "while there is time."

"Revolutions of this latter kind have a shattering effect which it is hardly possible for us to conceive."

The revolutionary course is a short-cut by which the laggard hopes to overtake the runners who have kept to the orthodox track, and this weekly proceeds:

"If we survey, once more, the revolutions which happen to be going on round us to-day, we shall see that this formula fits them all.

"The revolutions in Russia and in the Oriental countries are frantic, because these revolutionaries have set themselves to catch up with the progress of Western civilization in every sphere of life.

"These people can not afford to lift one foot at a time; they must make a flying leap of it if they are to catch up at all.

"The Fascist revolution in Italy is a less desperate affair, because the Italians have less ground to cover. They are one of the great nations of the Western world, and they are abreast of their sister nations in most of the things that matter. The spur that has driven them into revolution is no more than a feeling that, in spite of the Risorgimento, Italy has not yet fully established her status as a great Power.

"In Germany, the goal to which the National Socialists are seeking a short-cut is the restoration of Germany to the position in the world which she occupied before the war, and the removal of the discriminatory burdens and humiliations that have been laid upon her in consequence of her defeat.

"To many of us who have been contending for the rehabilitation of Germany for the last dozen years, the progress already achieved seems notable. To many Germans, it seems no progress at all.

"And so the National Socialist movement raises its head to denounce the Stresemann policy at the very moment when, in our eyes, that policy is being justified by its fruits—the acceptance of the Young plan and the evacuation of the Rhineland."

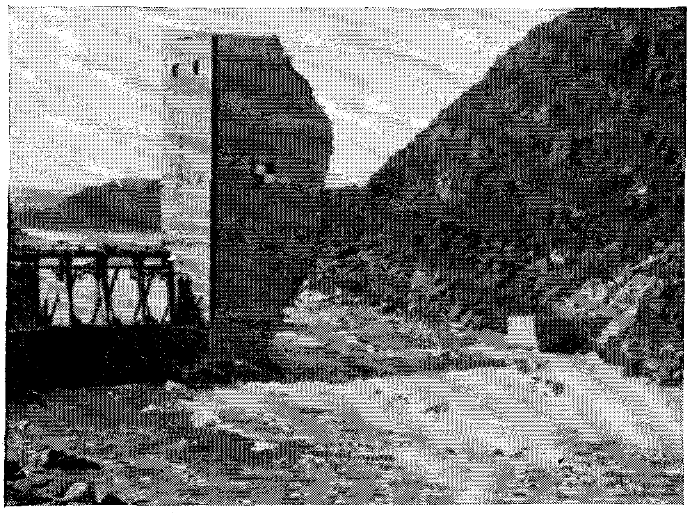
SCIENCE AND INVENTION

Building a Dam on Land

AND THEN TIPPING IT OVER into the water.

Never was such an odd piece of engineering carried to a successful conclusion.

A *giant obelisk of concrete, the probable fall of which* was plotted in advance by motion-pictures, was toppled into the Saguenay River, in Canada, on July 23, forming the world's first dam to be placed in position by a single engineering operation.



Illustrations by courtesy of Aluminum Company of America, Pittsburgh

23-Million-Pound Obelisk, Ready to Tip

Abstracting a report by William S. Lee, president of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, to the Engineering Foundation, *The Globe-Democrat* (St. Louis) tells the story.

The swiftness and depth of the water compelled a resort to methods which are described in the report as an engineering adventure. The Saguenay River has a flow varying from 35,000 to 225,000 cubic feet per second.

Construction of a large hydro-electric power development, at Chute-à-Caron, about 140 miles north of the City of Quebec, created the problem which was solved by a reversal of the process of dam-erection. Mr. Lee says:

"The site selected for the power-plant was in a gorge located on a rocky section of the river. In order to complete the large masonry dam across this gorge, it was necessary to excavate a diverting canal and turn the river at a time of low flow through this new channel while masonry foundations were extended across the original channel, which was the deepest part of the gorge.

"The usual method of putting in timber cribs and weighting them down with stones or large blocks of any heavy substance was not quite practical, due to the extreme depth and high velocity of this water."

It was Mr. James W. Rickey, hydraulic engineer of the Aluminum Company of America, it seems, who suggested that a large, heavy, reenforced-concrete tower, or "obelisk." of the proper length, curved on one side so as to fit as nearly as possible the bottom of the river, be built on a concrete pier at the edge of the river, at a convenient place up-stream from the power dam; then, by blasting away a small portion of the pier, tip the obelisk over into the river so that it would become a dam. We read on:

"This scheme was worked out very carefully by Rickey's staff, also his consulting engineering staff and his construction-engineers on the ground.

"The channel was excavated and tunnels were built in the permanent dam, with large gates, capable of carrying 40,000 to 50,000 cubic feet of water per second, and passing it through the power-house, where the first hydraulic turbine was to be installed. Extensive preparations were required.

"Not only did Rickey have designs and computations thoroughly checked by his own staff and consulting staffs, but he had models made and moving-pictures taken of the tipping of this diverting dam.

"By means of a slow-motion picture, it was thoroughly studied by all.

"So carefully was the whole scheme worked out that when this block of masonry, 92 feet high, 45 feet wide, and approximately 45 feet in the other dimension, containing 5,500 cubic yards of concrete, was dropt into the river, it landed almost perfectly in the place in which it was computed to land.

"The permanent channel was to be stopt by dropping the obelisk into it. The obelisk was built several months beforehand, on the top of a pier composed of two parts. The right-hand part was arranged so it could be shot off by a large charge of dynamite, thus leaving the obelisk unsupported on the river side.

"It was necessary to leave considerable water flowing down the old channel in order to form a cushion for the obelisk to fall into and thereby prevent breaking it. The quantity of water was regulated, and this precaution worked perfectly.

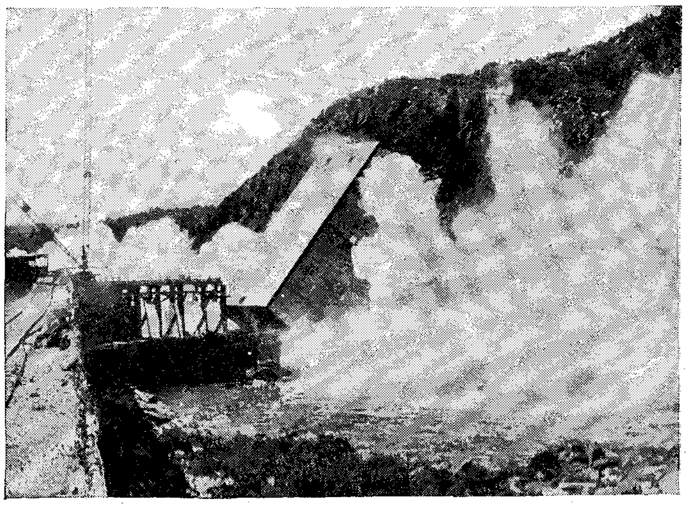
"On the day when everything was in readiness for dropping the obelisk, the holes in the front part of the pier were loaded with dynamite, and it was blown away.

"When the large mass of the obelisk fell into the water, water was thrown 200 to 400 feet in all directions, but the obelisk, being of such great weight and moving at such high velocity, even the swift current in the river did not affect it, and it settled into place as it was expected to do.

"The entire scheme was a bold one, but was carried through successfully, and accomplished complete and successful coffer-damming of a most dangerous and difficult stream of great volume and swiftness of flow."

TURNING to *The Alcoa News*, the organ of the Aluminum Company of America, we find some additional interesting details:

"One of the first steps was to make accurate soundings of the river bottom at the point where the obelisk was to come to rest. Because of the depth and velocity of the water, these soundings were made with a 1,000-pound steel ball suspended from a cable-way, and dropt into the river at various points. Readings were taken on the sounding wire at the instant the ball struck bottom and before the water carried it down-stream.



"There She Goes!"

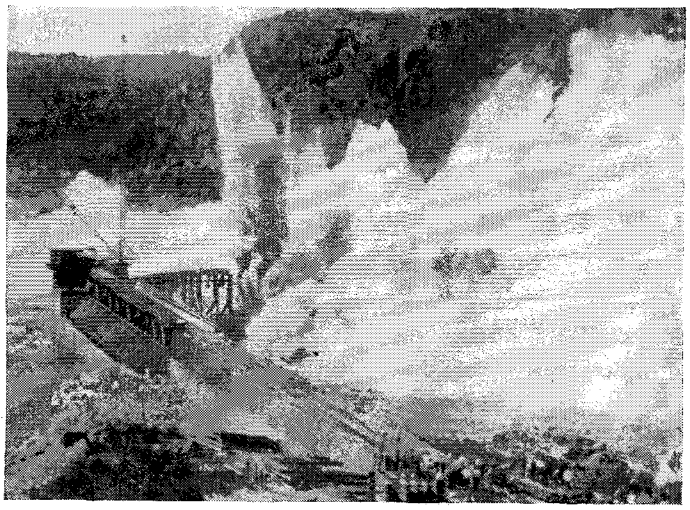
"Sluice tubes carry water to the diversion channel, by which it is returned to the river down-stream from the dam. When the plant is put in operation, gates will close the tubes and the water will be impounded to form the Chute-à-Caron pond, while the lower half of the diversion channel will serve as the tail race."

A Ready Source of Energy

SUGAR IS ITS NAME, and it is fairly familiar to all of us.

Its value in reviving the strength after exercise, long believed in by some authorities, is definitely proved by recent experiments in the Colgate psychological laboratory.

As reported by Prof. Donald A. Laird, director of the laboratory, in *The Medical Review of Reviews* (New York), the results of these tests are as follows:



"Oh, Boy! What a Splash!"

"Although carbohydrates, and especially common sugar, have been generally considered to be ready sources of energy, there have been practically no specific experimental measurements made of their effectiveness in helping regain mental and motor control after exercise. It is generally understood that many athletic teams are given sugar either before or during contests, but no scientific reports of gain or loss have been forthcoming from athletic records.

"This report deals with how much work can be done. The accuracy and speed of performance in standard tests was obtained from healthy young men who had been especially trained in the tests.

"Twelve subjects were used, divided into two squads. Squad A, of six young men, was tested six days; the first three days they were given 2.3 ounces of sugar in solution with lemon flavoring forty minutes before exercise, the last three days they were given a sugarless solution flavored with lemon which tasted the same. The other six subjects constituted Squad B and were given only the sugarless solution and served only the first three days of the experiment.

"There are two ways in which we can estimate the 'recovery value' of ordinary sugar preceding exercise. First, the performance of Squad A, which had sugar the first three days, can be compared with the performance of Squad B, which did not have sugar on the corresponding days. Second, we can compare the performance of Squad A during the first half of the test, when sugar was used, with its performance the last three days, when no sugar was used.

"Forty minutes were required for each subject to take the tests.

"During the first period of three days the squad having the sugar had a gain in speed of 3.7 per cent, while the sugarless squad had a loss of 2.1 per cent. when the tests before exercise are compared with the tests after exercise. Squad A, which had tests both with sugar and without sugar, had a gain of 3.7 per cent. following exercise when sugar had been ingested, but a loss in speed of 5.2 per cent. during the last three days, when no sugar was ingested; this loss in speed occurred in spite of the fact that they should have had added benefits from practice in the second three days.

"These data would seem to indicate definite recovery value in increasing speed of reaction to this visual stimulus from the ingestion of sugar.

"These preliminary results, which have given rather definite indications that practical performance will benefit when sugar is ingested preceding exercise, have been obtained under the theoretical handicap that somewhat around two hours' time is required for sugars to leave the stomach completely. These results bear out the unpublished findings of Dr. Thaddeus L. Bolton obtained from office workers in 1929."

No Meteor in Meteor Crater?

THAT THE FAMOUS "CRATER" in Arizona was formed when a huge meteor or swarm of meteors struck the earth there, few experts now doubt.

But many years of digging have failed to reveal the meteor. If found, it would be worth millions of dollars. Meteors contain nickel and other valuable metals.

According to an American astronomer, Dr. F. R. Moulton, there is a very good reason why the meteor has not been found. It isn't there. When it struck the earth, it exploded and was dissipated, we read in *Science News Letter*, a Science Service publication (Washington):

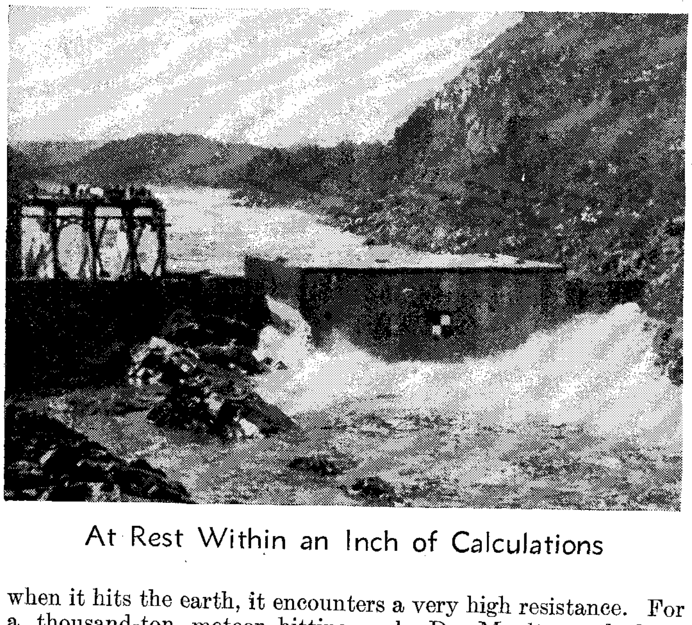
"Three hundred thousand tons of meteors, in a close swarm, exploding as they hit the earth, and producing effects as violent as 400 million tons of T. N. T., could have produced the famous meteor-crater, nearly a mile in diameter, near Winslow, Arizona.

"At a meeting of the American Astronomical Society at Chicago, Dr. Forest R. Moulton, former professor at the University of Chicago and now a public-utilities official, told of his conclusions, which leave little hope that there may be any of the original meteors left.

"It has been thought that a much larger meteoric mass, perhaps ten million tons or more, would have been required to produce the effect, and that this great mass, possibly containing many rare elements, was near the crater, just below the surface, where it could be mined. Large sums of money have been spent in efforts to locate the mass, but so far they have not been successful.

"Dr. Moulton, who is one of the country's leading astronomers, presented the following argument. A small meteor, perhaps weighing a pound or so, would enter the earth's atmosphere at its initial speed of around ten miles a second. At first it would be retarded very little, but as the atmospheric resistance increased to the point where it was greater than the gravitational attraction, then the meteor would slow up. Most of the energy is radiated away as light and heat, and the meteor burns up, producing an ordinary shooting star.

"But a meteor of large mass, say a thousand tons, encounters very little resistance as it passes through the atmosphere, and when it hits the earth, it encounters a very high resistance. For a thousand-ton meteor hitting rock, Dr. Moulton calculates that the resistance is 50,000 tons per square inch, and that it does work at the rate of 2,400,000 horse-power for each square inch. Even nickel-iron is scarcely more resistant to these enormous forces than tissue-paper, and so the meteor would be completely broken up and destroyed with explosive violence."



At Rest Within an Inch of Calculations

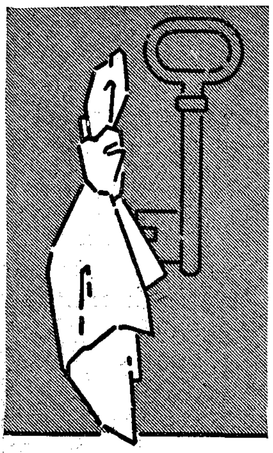
Mental Associations

THESE LIE AT THE FOUNDATION of our ability to think and act.

Memory and speech depend on them.

This is brought out in an article contributed to *Kosmos* (Stuttgart, Germany) by Alexander Stüler.

He begins with a story, as follows:



Good Psychology

The knot in his handkerchief will remind Mr. X of his key.

"Mr. X stands in front of his home late at night and can not get in. He has forgotten the key, and he decides that this shall not happen to him again. He takes his handkerchief and carefully ties one of the four corners into a large knot. This is to remind him of the key to-morrow.

"Mr. X knows nothing about psychology, but the course of action that he follows here is perfectly correct psychologically, and also effective. The following day he will take out his handkerchief at some time or other; then the knot will catch his eye, and immediately there will arise the image of the key in his mind.

"But how can the view of the knot awaken the thought of the key when there certainly is no resemblance between the knotted formation in the handkerchief and a key?

"Let us think of a phonograph record.

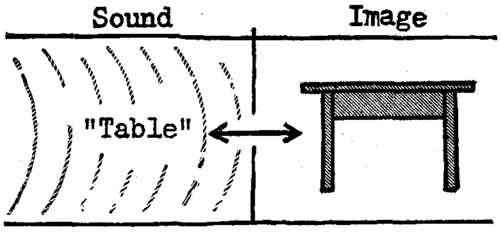
"Upon its surface, tones of music are deposited in fine grooves. In the rendition, these tones are not thrown into a promiscuous order, but appear in exactly the same order as they have been received.

"Likewise the occurrences that are imbedded in the brain do not awaken in any confused order, but come back to life in about the same order as they passed first through the consciousness.

"Because Mr. X was thinking so forcibly of the key while he was tying the knot, no other image but the one of the key arose during his recent inspection of the key.

"Between the occurrence 'knot' and the concept 'key' a relation has arisen so that the perception 'knot' almost coercively evokes the idea 'key.' In every-day language such a relation is called a 'combination of ideas.' The scientific expression for it is 'association.'

"Hundreds of these associations pass daily through the brain. Above all, it is in languages that associations occur—namely, connections between word and meaning, whether the word is spoken and thus reaches the ear or comes before the eyes in written characters, whether we ourselves speak or write.



The Mind Links Sound and Image

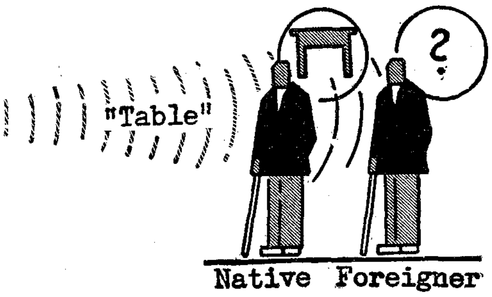
"When any one utters the word 'table,' a certain series of sounds are conducted to the ear-drum.

"The matter does not rest, however, at the mere hearing of this sound, but in our consciousness arises at once the image of that piece of furniture. Thus there is a connection here again between two links, one of which, the perception 'sound,' brings to the mind the second link, the image of a table. Again there does not exist the slightest resemblance between the absorbed agitation and the object conceived at the same time.

"To a foreigner, the very same sound is without significance. He may stand close to us and thus have the same sound-waves conducted to the ear, and yet no image arises in him.

"Why such different effects with conditions that appear to be similar?

"Simple enough; since earliest childhood the connection between the sound 'table' and the conception 'table' has been impressed upon us; we have always seen a table somewhere, and heard the corresponding sounds at the same time.

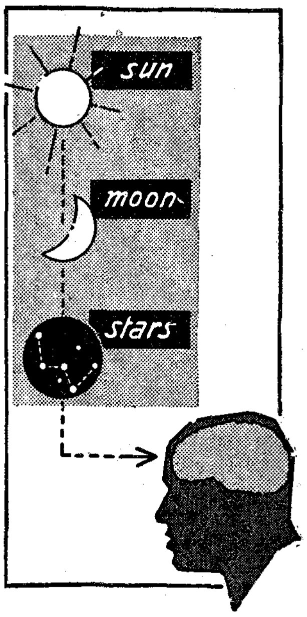


One Connects, the Other Misses

"Presently it is no longer necessary to have a table in sight. When the sound 'table' reaches the ear, the memory of the corresponding piece of furniture awakes. The first link of association immediately produces the second, just as the perception 'knot' awakened in the mind of our Mr. X the image of the key. On the other hand, the foreigner has never practised the connection between the sound 'table' and the corresponding conception, and altho the sound reaches his ear, it is incapable of calling forth a conception.

"Of course, in one's native language, word and meaning have been connected so closely through many years' usage that we find some difficulty in recognizing them as two separate things. But when we learn a foreign language, we soon realize again that there must be always two association links, one for understanding and another for speaking.

"Frequently a strange sound reaches the ear, but the pertinent conception fails to appear. At another time, we have a definite notion in the head, but the foreign word refuses to come to the mind. When we are capable of connecting the two links without difficulty, when sound and conception at all times follow each other, then only do we master the foreign language. Therefore, to learn languages means to practise associations."



To Learn Foreign Words

We must associate each word with its object.

What Our Hot Summer Did

NOW *that the remarkable summer of 1930 has passed into* history, it is interesting to look back upon such episodes as these, part of a larger collection gleaned by the American Meteorological Society, says Charles Fitzhugh Talman in his Science Service feature, *Why the Weather?* (Washington). He goes on:

"In New York City, two drawbridges over the Harlem River expanded so much from the heat, on July 21, that a quarter of an inch of their steel work had to be burned off with an acetylene torch.

"In Boston, panes of glass in a skylight were believed to have acted as a lens to focus the sun's rays on inflammable materials, starting a fire that partially destroyed the club-house of the Squantum Yacht Club.

"At Quincy, Illinois, a fire was caused by a similar process on a river steamboat, while at Martinsburg, Missouri, several automobiles standing in the sun were set on fire by the sun's shining through windshields and igniting the cushions.

"On Sunday, July 20, more than a million people went to Coney Island to seek relief from the heat, and it was estimated that 20,000 spent the night there, sleeping on the sand.

"At State College, Pennsylvania, Dr. G. L. Zundel, plant pathologist, reported that on a trip through Franklin County he had found 5 per cent. of the orchards he visited had been partially cooked.

"In orchards near Scotland, Pennsylvania, he found 10 per cent. of the apples that were hanging on the sunward side of the trees had been baked."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE ✓ DRAMA ✓ MUSIC ✓ FINE-ARTS ✓ EDUCATION ✓ CULTURE

Unknown Corots and Daumiers

TIME WAS WHEN COROTS and pseudo-Corots in museums and art collections were as thick as blackberries. The popular conjugation was, "I have a Corot, you have a Corot, he has a Corot."

They were all scenes of filmy, gray-green trees, where sportive nymphs sometimes danced.

It is not these Corots that one goes to the Museum of Modern Art in New York to see, but landscapes and figure pieces of his early and middle years done with as clear a vision as any academician.

Likewise a new Honoré Daumier is to be seen in this show.

Those who know this satiric Frenchman of the eighteen-thirties will be surprized at the revelation of Daumier as a painter, full of vigor as a colorist as well as a draftsman, wherein his lithographs have made him famous.

From 1835 to 1870 he had turned out five thousand comic and satirical lithographs and wood-engravings, but these were the pot-boilers by which he lived.

In the early 'fifties his three or four paintings sent to the salons had been ignored or slighted.

He suffered the fate of the comedian nobody will take seriously.

Tho regarded in later judgment as one of the half-dozen greatest painters of the nineteenth century, yet, says Alfred H. Barr, Jr., in the introduction to the catalog, "only one of his oils, a small study, has ever been purchased by an American museum (three others have recently been acquired as gifts), and so far as New York is concerned the present exhibition is almost certainly the first occasion upon which more than four of his paintings have ever been seen together."

From Berlin, London, Paris, New York, and other American cities this notable show has been gathered together, and the catalog emphasizes, besides the above reasons, the motive back of the present exhibition:

"Since the war there has been an extraordinary preoccupation with the classical spirit and the classical tradition.

"Corot was the most complete nineteenth-century representative of this tradition. Since the war there has been a marked revival of interest in the texture and quality of 'fine painting' of which Corot was also a perfect master.

"Even more recently characterization, dramatic illustration, 'human interest,' are beginning again after long contempt to seem legitimate elements in good painting.

"Of these Daumier was surely the foremost master of the past century, just as he was, together with his follower, Van Gogh, the boldest antecedent of expressionist draftsmanship."

IT is to intensely living art that we turn in this collection, says Mr. Royal Cortissoz in the New York *Herald Tribune*, adding:

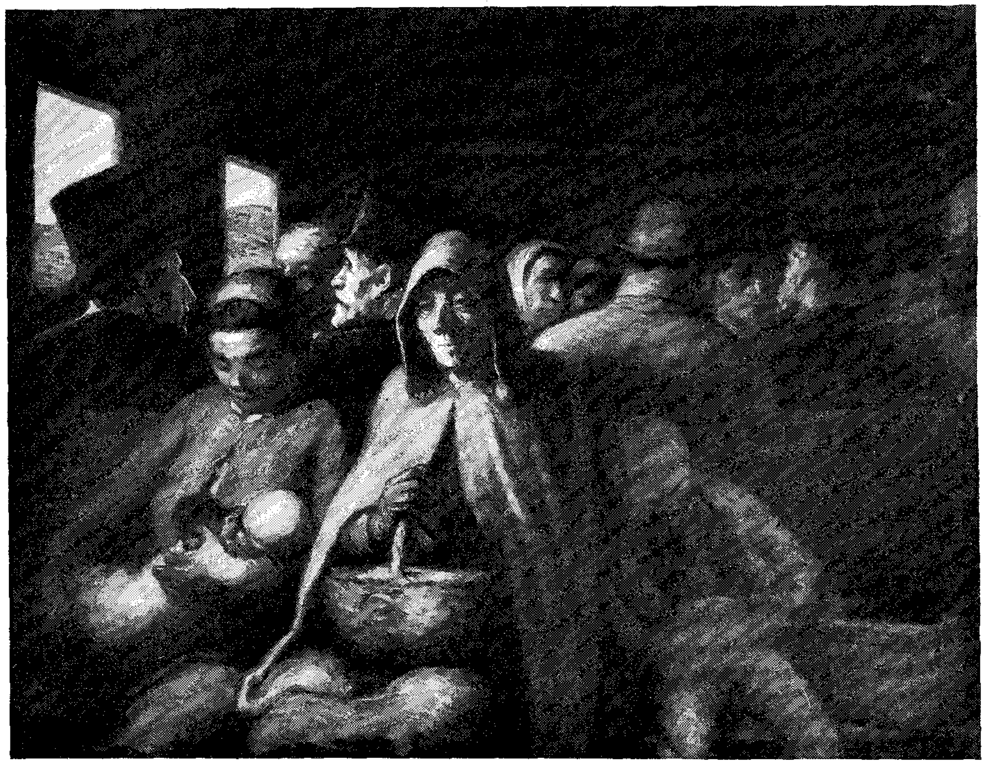
"We say 'living art' advisedly, for these men were nothing if not human, in contact with life and nature, working in terms that their fellows could understand.

"One of the most characteristic things Corot ever said—and he was given to pungent sayings—was this: 'Never paint a subject unless it calls instantly and distinctly upon your eye and heart.'

"He brought feeling to his work. But he wouldn't have been French if he had not also brought mind, and if there is one thing more than another that his pictures enforce it is the fact that he accepted and assimilated the immemorial constructive laws of French art.

"Original as he was, gifted with the lyric temperament as he was, he nevertheless thought his way through a problem, submitting emotion to reason, and leaving nothing to chance. 'I never hurry to the details of a picture,' he would say. 'Its masses and general character interest me before everything else. When those are established, I search out the subtleties of form and color.'

"There speaks the born designer."



Courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art. From the collection of Gordon C. Edwards, Ottawa

When Daumier Did Not Caricature

This canvas, "Third Class Carriage," illustrates the artist's "passion for human life."

TURNING to Daumier, Elizabeth Luther Cary, in the New York *Times*, says one "hardly can miss the ideal closely held by the man as he tilted against the evils of his time with the pointed weapon of satire":

"In his paintings it is made easy for us.

"Here it is not necessary to read by implication from what is written in reverse as in his lithographic cartoons.

"In the latter his passion for honesty is revealed by his scourge of dishonesty, his pity for the unfortunate by his ironic contempt for their oppressors, his logic and courage by the laughter with which he greets unreason and timidity, his fastidious repulsion from the commonplace of bourgeois life by the amused horror of the gaze he bends upon its domestic accidents.

"In his paintings he turns that penetrating gaze upon himself and lets us see directly what in himself he sees.

"Since he was like others who work for an ideal hidden within their hearts—the surest possible road to misunderstanding—it can not be doubted that Daumier more than once went through the agony of conscious failure and saw himself, filled tho he was with a holy rage, charging at windmills, ridiculous in the sight of a world which he both loved and hated.

"So he painted *Don Quixote* with such intensity of feeling as no other has shown.

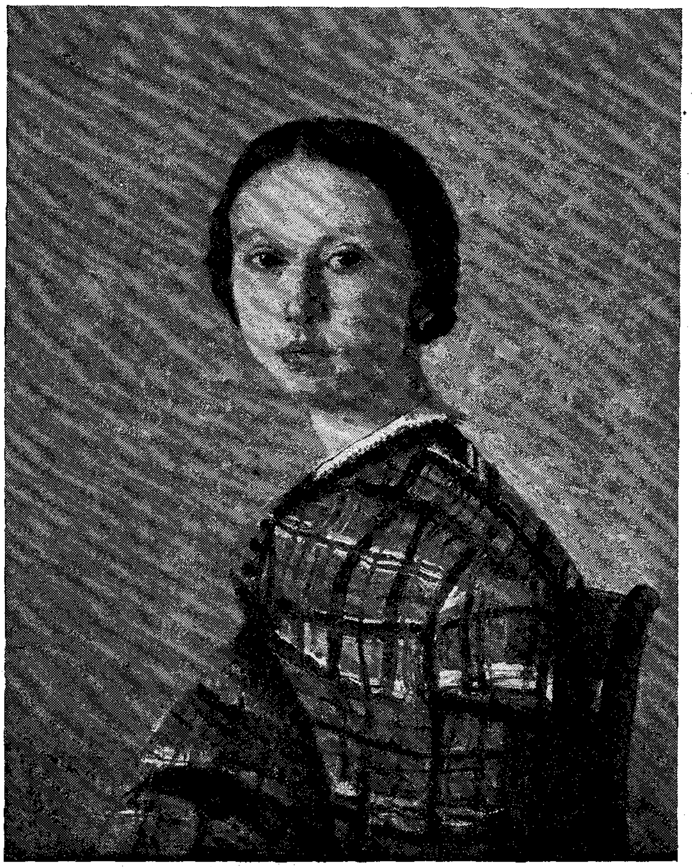
"Nine versions are in the exhibition. Many will see the comic spirit hovering over them.

"They will see rightly enough, provided they do not miss the grim reality behind the hovering spirit."

The Cover

IT IS obviously Penn's hat that holds the attention, in surprize, in indignation, or in amusement, of those surrounding the central figure in the picture on the cover.

Mr. Ferris calls his picture "The Birth of Pennsylvania, 1680," since Charles II is here confirming the charter for the tract which later became that State.



From the Chester Dale Collection. Courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art

A Surprize Corot

To those familiar with his lacy, gray-green trees.

Without frivolity one might rename the picture, "The Hat."

Nevertheless we let Mr. Ferris speak for himself on this continuation of his historical series:

"William Penn had inherited from his father, Admiral Penn, a claim against the Crown of £16,000. He obtained from the King, Charles II, in settlement, a tract of land west of the Delaware River and north of Maryland.

"In the patent given, the name 'Pennsylvania,' contrary to Penn's wishes, had been applied to the territory.

"He had previously offered twenty guineas to one of the secretaries to have the name changed, but had been refused.

"He said in explanation of his request, 'I feared lest it should be looked on as a Vanity in me.'

"Penn as a last resort applied in person to the King, but Charles said that it should remain as it was, the prefix 'Penn' having been added in honor of Admiral Penn for his great services.

"I have shown the King's breakfast chamber at Whitehall, now not in existence.

"Penn wearing his hat before the King reminds one of that anecdote of the Quaker George Fox, in a like situation, when His Majesty remarked: 'It is the custom here for only one person to remain covered,' and thereupon removed his own hat.

"One wonders how Fox felt; but likely he was not a sensitive person, and was quite sure he was right."

Paderewski's Pessimism

PADEREWSKI SAT ON THE EDGE of his chair as if playing the piano.

The great shock of auburn hair, made famous in Burne-Jones's drawing, is now thin and silvered.

"His high but sloping forehead is his most characteristic feature, and, dome-like, it dominates the remainder of his head, and in comparison with the lower part of his face seems small."

"There is nothing of the far-away musician about him."

These bits of personal character, observed by S. J. Woolf, during his interview with Paderewski for the New York *World*, comport with the thoughtfulness and vigor of the musician's talk about the situation where our mechanistic age has placed all the arts, not simply music.

Finding music is only a little behind the trend followed by pictorial art, he asserts that "art has been on an orgy." Thus:

"Some few years ago it went wild for color.

"Line was forgotten in mad desire for vivid hues.

"To-day music is still in the state that painting was in some years back.

"Color is the god before which all modern composers are worshiping, but they forget there are other gods than that. They have blinded their eyes, if I may so express it, to the beauty of the simple lines of the classicist, and endeavor by effects of color to attain beauty without line.

"Light and shadow and the glow of color are wonderful, but they must have outlines to bound them, otherwise they are formless masses. And then, too, while I have been speaking of painting and music in similar terms, after all color is not music."

NEXT he was asked what he thought was back of these tendencies in the arts, and Paderewski, who was once Premier of Poland, showed he has reverted to the artist, when he said:

"We are living in a strange age.

"Economics and inventions and discoveries have held the public attention for some years.

"I do not underestimate the value of these things. They may make for physical comforts, but with them they bring attendant evils that kill creative genius in art. For genius is a tender plant which will not thrive in all soils or surroundings, and the quiet and peace that are essential to it have been driven out by the mad haste and constant desire for change and challenge that marks this era.

"Individuality and originality are being killed by the increasing necessity, I might almost call it, for collectivism.

"The day of the lonely craftsman has passed. One man rarely produces any finished product to-day. It is the result of many hands, and while better automobiles may perhaps be produced in this way, surely better poems or paintings or sonatas can not. And it is this spirit which is pervading everything.

"For great art, tho it is the creation of one man, is the product and the result of the time in which he lives.

"Bach could not have written his works in a sky-scraper any more than Michelangelo could have decorated one of the modern temples of industry."

MEN are not happy to-day, he thinks, and, throughout the world, in politics as well as in all the arts, is "a constant desire to get away from existing conditions." He continues:

"In art there is a striving for originality. Men are endeavoring to create something new.

"Nothing new was ever created consciously. True originality has its foundations in the soul, not in the mind, and when there is an effort to create something different, it is usually a failure. Beethoven or Schumann or Chopin did not try to be original. They were original.

"However, this craving for originality, this desire to get away from old forms, this pulling down of the old-time gods, is typical of this period of the world's history.

"Men feel the same dissatisfaction in regard to politics.

"Throughout the world there is an undercurrent of unrest.

"For years the so-called parliamentary system in government had been looked upon as a panacea for all ills. It was felt that when the man in the street was represented in a legislative body, then that man had something to do with the making of the laws and management of his country.

"But ideas in regard to this are changing.

"People are beginning to feel that this system is not altogether what it promised. Indeed, it has been my experience that in most bodies of this kind a tremendous amount of time is wasted in useless and futile talk.

"Hours are used up in listening to speeches of no import or value. In times of economic distress long discussions in parliaments only irritate.

"A hungry man's appetite is not appeased by words. What he wants is food. And when he sees that the words do not give him food, he becomes dissatisfied with that system of representation which does not provide him with necessities, let alone comforts.

"It is this spirit of dissatisfaction with things as they are that has caused both the artistic and political restlessness throughout the world to-day."

"Athens of America" No Longer

IF BOSTON SEES ITSELF in the mirror held up to it by Walter Prichard Eaton, its reaction must surely be *Hamlet's* lament, "What a falling off is there!"

"When a visiting actor in the mid-nineteenth century called Boston 'the Athens of America,' he was not only testifying to the large and appreciative audiences he attracted," he writes in *Current History* (New York), "but to the sense the city gave him of being intellectually alive under the leadership of able men."

Mr. Eaton, who began his career as a dramatic critic, later made a home for himself in western Massachusetts, and there, while cultivating his garden, has let his eyes range further afield in the domains of the theater, of public life, and of nature.

And what of Boston to-day?:

"Alas! no actor to-day is at all likely to call Boston the Athens of America.

"If he came there with an Athenian play such as 'Lysistrata,' he probably would be kicked out, as O'Neill's 'Strange Interlude' was kicked out.

"Boston to-day is a physically beautiful city—one of the most attractive in America—surrounded by suburbs where a majority of its workers live. It has little urbanity, but enormous and depressing quantities of suburbanity. And the most discouraging thing about New England to-day, the thing which makes a Yankee most gloomy about the future of his corner of the land, is the fact that Boston, his capital, from which as a center used to emanate the matured influences of his civilization, is no longer an influential city.

"Indeed, it is no longer a Yankee city. And there, possibly, is the crux of the matter."

COMPARING Boston with New York, the latter is described as "a city of many peoples, but therein lies part of its influence.

"It is a world capital, which Boston can never hope to be." This is a pronouncement Boston may reject, but Mr. Eaton has his reasons:

"Any distinctive region or province requires its provincial capital, into which its clever men and leaders are drawn, and where, by mutual give and take, they evolve the permanent records of their peculiar culture, which in turn can be given to the larger world.

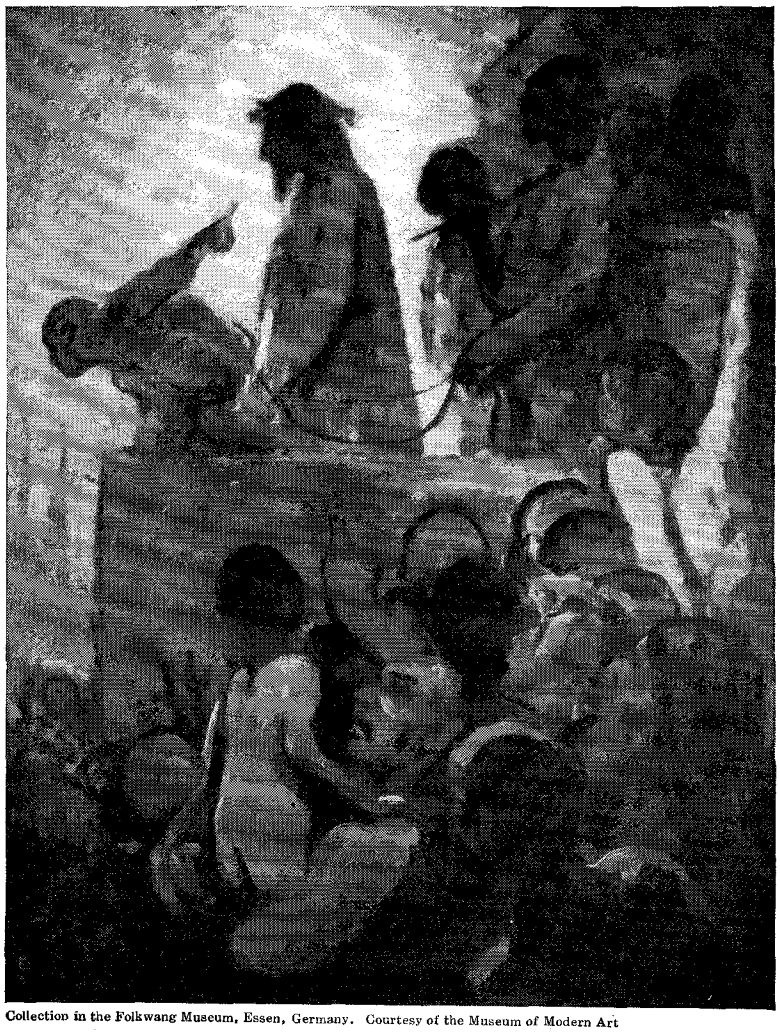
"Just such a capital Boston used to be, and its intellectual life crystallized in literature, public-school systems, philosophies, even religions.

"It is certainly not such a capital any longer.

"That may in part be due to the undoubted fact that New York draws thousands from New England where it once drew scores, just as it draws from the Mid-West and the prairies. But it is almost certainly due, also, to the equally undoubted fact that Boston is now dominated overwhelmingly by people of different blood and different faith from the Puritan originals.

"So complete is this dominance that it has bred an unexprest hopelessness in many old-time Bostonians, who retire into their last refuge—their social castles—and dwell in a kind of daintily disdainful futility.

"Greater Boston may have a political majority of Yankees, but this majority is in the suburbs, where it does not count, but lives the uneventful and uninfluential life of suburbs everywhere.



Collection in the Folkwang Museum, Essen, Germany. Courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art

"Ecce Homo"

Daumier seen in religious mood.

"Boston still has a great orchestra, supported by private aid (formerly that of Major Higginson). It has a few first-rate publishing houses left, and one magazine (*The Atlantic Monthly*) of national importance.

"Its local theater, the famous Museum, closed in 1896, and it has had none of consequence since. It still has a good art school, a fine art museum, and trains excellent architects, doctors, and engineers.

"But for all that, it is no longer a city, on the whole, where workers in the arts find a zestful and creative environment, and where the social and public life breeds that clash of ideas out of which influential works are shaped.

"It is a question whether the city can regain this happy condition so long as its original Puritan element (which was constantly throwing off great nonconformists like Channing, Emerson, Phillips, and Eliot) is submerged in a dominant group which is carefully schooled to be hostile to new ideas and which, so far in New England history, has shown a genius for political domination rather than for political philosophy.

"Add to this load the innate smug conservatism of suburban Boston as well as of its own Tory element—always a factor—and you put a burden on the town it is certainly unable at present to carry and at the same time maintain its old leadership."

Has Britain Betrayed the Zionists?

"PERFIDIOUS ALBION."
"An act of treachery."
"Scraps of paper."

There are more such execrations, but these are sufficient to indicate the deep wrath and indignation with which Zionist leaders and Jews generally greet the announcement of the British Government's new policy in closing the gates to further Jewish immigration into Palestine, treated in another department of THE LITERARY DIGEST, November 1.

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Good Reasons for Thanksgiving and Lots of Pumpkin Pie

This bumper crop of pumpkins gives one an idea of what has been accomplished by Zionists in their ancestral home, to which immigration has now been suspended.

One prominent Jew, a high official in the United States Government, is quoted as saying to Harry Snell, British Labor Member of Parliament and a member of the Shaw Inquiry Commission: "Watch out that you don't create a new Irish problem by alienating the American Jews!"

The Labor Government is beset also at home. Tory leaders, headed by former Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, denounce it for violating the spirit of the Balfour Declaration, and Gen. Jan Christian Smuts, former Prime Minister of South Africa, who was one of the originators of the mandates system, asserts that the Balfour Declaration is an international pronouncement which may not be legally altered without the consent of every nation which was a party to that historic paper.

This torrent of anger is directed against the Labor Government; hope still rises in every Zionist breast that the British people will not consent to the "betrayal."

BUT is it a betrayal? Has the Balfour Declaration been torn into scraps by the MacDonald Government?

That document, issued during the war-year 1917, states, it will be recalled, that the British Government favors the establishment in Palestine of a Jewish national home, on condition that nothing should be done which would prejudice the civil and religious rights of the non-Jewish communities in Palestine.

The same safeguard is set down in the British mandate for Palestine approved by the Council of the League of Nations. The mandate then states that the administration of Palestine "shall *facilitate* Jewish immigration under suitable conditions and shall encourage, in cooperation with the Jewish agency [the Zionist organization], close settlement by Jews on the land, including State lands and waste lands not required for public purposes."

BUT Lord Passfield, Secretary for the Colonies, states in the British White Paper, based on the Simpson report—and this appears to be the crux of the difficulty—that the land available for the increased Arab population has decreased by 250,000 acres, which have passed into Jewish hands, and that—

> "There remains no margin of land available for agricultural settlement by new immigrants, with the exception of such undeveloped land as the various Jewish organizations hold in reserve. The provision of a margin available for further settlement depends upon the progress made in increasing the productivity of the land already occupied.
>
> "Clearly, if the immigration of Jews results in the prevention of Arabs obtaining work necessary for their maintenance, or if Jewish unemployment unfavorably affects the general labor position, it is the duty of the mandatory Power to reduce or, if necessary, to suspend such immigration until the unemployed portion obtains work.
>
> "Under the present circumstances, his Majesty's Government considers their suspension of immigration under the labor schedule of last May as fully justified.
>
> "So long as wide-spread suspicion exists, as it does among the Arab population, that their economic depression is due to excessive Jewish immigration, and so long as some ground exists upon which this suspicion may be plausibly presented as well founded, there can be little hope of any improvement in the mutual relations of the two races. It is upon such improvement that the future peace and prosperity of Palestine must largely depend."

THE storm broke. Zionist leaders resigned right and left, as reported before.

The Jewish National Council, meeting in Jerusalem, voted unanimously to reject the British statement of policy, and decreed against participation in the proposed Legislative Council, which is to consist of a high commissioner and twenty-two members, twelve of them to be elective. The London proposals, says the Jewish Council, are calculated "to end the building up of the Jewish national home."

All the vials are emptied. Characterizing Lord Passfield's statement as "the betrayal of a great trust," *The Jewish Standard* (Toronto) cries out:

> "Stript of the hypocritical assertions that the Government adheres to the terms of the mandate, the statement of the Government means this: no immigration of Jews; no land for Jews; no possibility to do any of the things which the mandate gave the Jews the right to do in Palestine and, moreover, imposed upon the Government the obligations to assist them in the performance of their historic task.
>
> "By some magic formula, the Government proposes to

reconstitute the Jewish National Homeland—without Jews and without land."

"England," says the New York *Jewish Tribune* bitterly, "may choose to squirm out of its obligations; it may decide upon the easy rather than upon the honorable path. But upon her decision is dependent the verdict which history will render on a country sometimes known as Perfidious Albion."

"Thus," exclaims *The American Jewish World* (Minneapolis and St. Paul), "the last chapter of this Jewish tragedy is being written in London, and it is not a whit less tragic than the bloodshed itself. Zionism now stands face to face with the greatest crisis of its existence, and the Jewish national hopes seem on the verge of a crash."

Meanwhile, the Arabs are reported to be illy disposed toward the proposed Legislative Council, a Parliament being their aim. And John Bull, say some commentators, is between the devil and the deep sea.

"But the facts of the situation should not be overlooked," says the Troy *Record*. "Great Britain is endeavoring to be just. If she pursued a different course, doubtless the Arabs who reside in the coveted territory would be ready to insist that they too were the victims of injustice."

The British White Paper, in the opinion of the New York *Times*, "registers a verdict already pronounced by the facts." For, as *The Times* sees it:

"The claims of 'political Zionism' were always inadmissible. Neither justice nor the forces of nationalism let loose by the war nor Great Britain's pledges to the Arab people would tolerate the imposition of Jewish ascendency by high-pressure methods upon a native population four-fifths hostile.

"The Jewish Homeland promised in the Balfour Declaration was limited in that document by the rights of the Arab majority. To all but a small faction of zealots, it must have been manifest from the first that the building of the Jewish Homeland must take the form of colonization.

"That it can be carried on with the 'cooperation' of the British Government would be attested by one feature of the White Paper which is in danger of receiving insufficient attention. This is the government established for Palestine in the form of a Legislative Council with a virtually safe appointive majority.

"That is certainly not a concession to the Arabs who have insisted on the creation of a Parliament. The real danger that such a Parliament would be employed against legitimate Jewish activities has been met by the British Government at the cost of inviting Arab resentment."

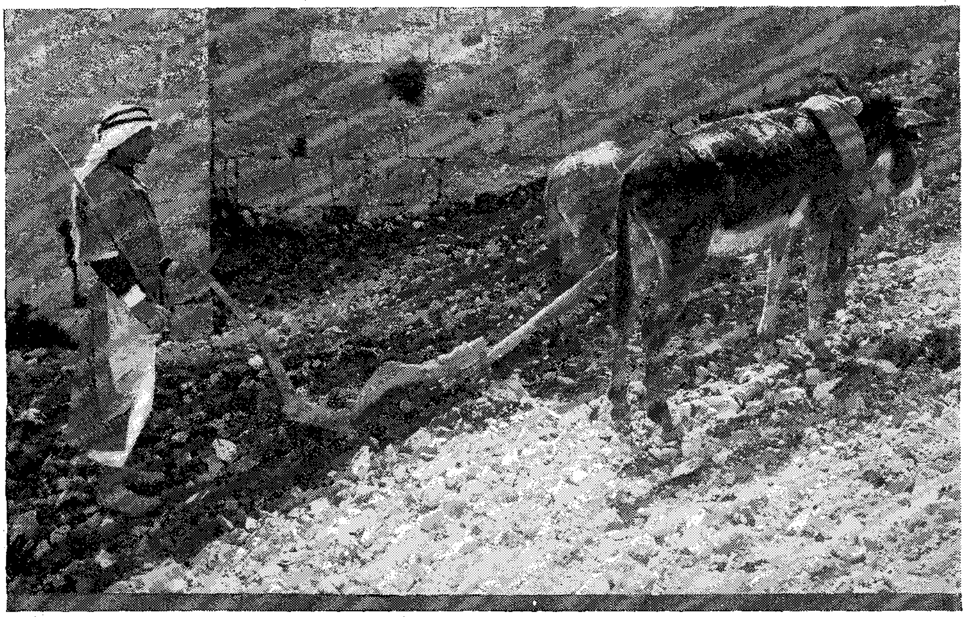
"One can not argue with sentiment and tradition," notes the Philadelphia *Record*, musing on the dream of a return to the homeland which has sustained the Jews through centuries of oppression. But—

"There were difficulties. They were visible in 1917. They grew more evident each year, and culminated in the riots of 1929 and the new British policy, just promulgated on the basis of the Simpson report.

"Palestine can hold 1,000,000 people—no more. There are 700,000 Arabs in the country. Their ancestors settled there 700 years ago. Seven centuries of possession constitute a legal title which outweighs sentiment and tradition according to the code of justice in this modern world.

"Great Britain will not attempt to oust them. It will continue to ban Jewish immigration. It will appoint a Council with enough British members to protect Jewish rights.

"Does that mean that Zionism is dead?



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Looks Like a Lean Thanksgiving

A Bedouin plowing outside the wall surrounding the old section of Jerusalem. If he is thinking of pumpkin pie, he has a rather stony prospect in front of him.

"No. Zionism is no more dead than it was in 1917. It has met a fact condition which can not be changed. The British Government has been frank. Its frankness merits approval. For this reason:

"There was never any real need for a National Homeland in Palestine. Palestine, now interdicted, was always unsuited to colonization.

"Not until the Jews had already found homelands, the world over, did they start to work for a new one.

"They did not and do not desire to leave their adopted countries. They cherish their new patriotisms. Many retained the traditional dream of Palestine as a homeland. Few would have moved to it.

"The British Government has performed a service to Jews throughout the world by releasing their philanthropies from a futile ideal.

"There will be bitter disappointment, disappointment with which all can sympathize. Yet Zionism has not been unsuccessful. It fulfilled its sustaining purpose. This dream carried the Jews through dark ages of oppression until the present day, when they have found homelands and spiritual freedom in the civilized countries of the world.

"The economically strong Jewish communities are now free to devote their individual efforts toward real relief of Jews less fortunately situated."

How to Close the Jails

OF 4,000 BOYS WHO PASSED before a New York judge on their way to jail, reformatory, or parole, only three had belonged to a Sunday-school.

The fact is recited as powerful testimony for religious training of the young.

In a letter to Dr. George William Carter, general secretary of the New York Bible Society, reprinted in *The Christian Observer* (Presbyterian), Judge Lewis L. Fawcett, of the State Supreme Court, gives his experience of twenty-three years on the bench:

"Permit me to state that my experience during twenty-three years on the bench, in which time over 4,000 boys under the age of twenty-one years were convicted of crime before me, of whom but three were members of a Sabbath-school, has satisfied me of the value of Sabbath-schools to the community, in helping safeguard it, to the extent to which Sabbath-schools exist, from the growth of criminals.

"My experience also satisfies me of their value to the individual.

"In 1,902 cases of suspended criminal sentences, in each of which a minister, priest, or rabbi became interested at my request, only sixty-two of the boys were brought back for violation of the conditions of parole. I believe the reform in the remaining cases (over 1,000) was prompt and permanent.

"In fact, I regard our Sabbath-schools, including those of all faiths, as the only effective means to stem the rising tide of vice and crime among our youth. Society carries the heavy burden of criminality, chiefly because of the lack of religious training of the youth.

"If all the children could be kept under the influence of the Sabbath-school, and the grown-ups were active in some church, we could close our prisons and jails, instead of being compelled to enlarge and increase their number.

"The problem of youth is the problem of humanity.

"There are over 17,000,000 boys and girls in this country growing up without moral training from any source—Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish.

"May your labor of love in teaching God to the children be fraught with most glorious results through their salvation and their work in His cause in the years to come."

"With such unquestioned evidence before them of the value of religious training," comments *The Christian Observer*, "is it not strange that parents are willing to neglect this vital feature of home and church training?"

The Divorce Mill Slackening

THE DIVORCE MILL GROUND OUT less grist last year.

The increase of the wedding rate was greater than the increase of the divorce rate, and some are encouraged to reflect that the historic institution of marriage is not so seriously threatened, after all.

The preliminary report on the 1929 matrimonial statistics, issued by the Department of Commerce, shows that 1,232,559 couples were married in the United States last year.

During the same period 201,475 divorces were recorded. In other words, 10.1 marriages were performed for every 1,000 population, while divorces totaled 1.66 to the thousand.

The increase in marriages in 1929 over those in 1928 was 50,062, or 4.2 per cent., while 1928 showed a decrease of 1.5 per cent. in comparison with 1927. The divorces, altho showing an increase of 2.8 per cent. over 1928, could not keep up with the increase in marriages.

The ratio of divorces to marriages in 1929 shows that for each 6.1 marriages performed one union was dissolved. The year before, the ratio was an even 6 to 1.

Here, then, perhaps, is a sign. In fact, the Albany *Evening News* takes it as such, saying that "the figures show that the good old-fashioned institution of marriage is not failing, despite all the talk of the cynics and alarmists." And it is significant that "we hear more of the marriage failures than of the successful marriages."

A SOMEWHAT similar opinion is voiced by the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, which recalls that it was somewhat the fashion for a period to speak flippantly of the decline of marriage and to regard the increase of divorce as a permanent feature of American social evolution. And—

"Along with the pseudo-liberal view-point came diverting theories of temporary marriages of various kinds, including the highly artificial schemes of Judge Ben Lindsey, and the promiscuous theories of Bertrand Russell, happily married monogamist himself.

"This momentary flair for a spurious liberalism, led on by the proponents of the left-wing psychology, has seen its heyday, it appears.

"The purveyors of new systems of mating are losing their following—indeed, they never made any serious impression on the great mass of people of any class or creed.

"In fact, it may be said with safety that it is now definitely fashionable to reject the psychologies on which the 'newer' marriage systems are based.

"This is borne out by the statistics of the Census Bureau. Divorce still increases in absolute numbers, but relatively to marriages it has fallen off greatly. Ohio is a fair example, having a higher divorce rate than most States. Marriages increased 10.7 per cent. in 1929 over the previous year, while divorces increased 4.6 per cent.

"A similar trend is evident in figures for the entire United States.

"If they prove nothing else, the latest columns of statistical data show plainly that Americans are not disheartened by the dire imaginings of the behaviorists, and remain the most 'married' people of the world, and that a larger percentage of these marriages proves lasting than has been the case in recent years.

"For those thoughtful persons who recognize in the historic marriage institution the one sound basis for our social life, the current trend is certain to be encouraging news."

IT is noteworthy that 1929 was the first year that an increase in divorces relative to marriages was not shown since 1922, when the Census Bureau began its current annual statistics of divorce and marriage.

In 1922 there was one divorce for every 7.6 marriages, and in 1916, one divorce for every 12.2 marriages, so that the number of divorces relative to marriages has more than doubled in the United States in 23 years.

Looking into the 1929 figures, the Buffalo *Courier-Express* finds that

"About nine of every ten divorces are uncontested.

"The average length of time between marriage and divorce is from five to six years, which may be taken to indicate a failure of personal adjustment.

"Cruelty, either alone or in combination with other causes, accounts for almost one-half of all divorces, but cruelty has been so broadened by the courts in its meaning that it has become largely a subterfuge.

"Four of every ten divorces report children affected by the decree. That is the unfortunate side of the situation. Children are involved in a considerably larger proportion of the divorces granted to husbands than in those granted to wives.

"That fact might lead to some intriguing thoughts."

The best commentary on the 1929 figures, thinks the Richmond *News-Leader*, will be the figures for 1930, because they will clarify the doubtful economic factor involved in last year's divorces. As *The News-Leader* views it,

"One could explain declining divorce in 1929 on the ground that during the early months of the year men could afford to assume alimony and indulge in new wives, or else one could argue that the stock-market collapse deprived the dissatisfied of the means of paying for divorces.

"Last year there was both abundance and shortage; this year has been altogether lean. Its divorce rate, compared with that of 1929, will show whether prosperity or depression causes more divorces."

HOWEVER, in the opinion of another Richmond paper, *The Times-Dispatch*,

"The divorce figures are not surprizing. Modern people have gradually become accustomed to the prevalence of divorce.

"The problem is no longer one of social ostracism or even horrified comparison with the number of people marrying. It is now a question of the disposition of children whose parents are divorced.

"One surprizing item in the statistics is that Texas should have led the country numerically in divorces.

"With 18,386 legal dissolutions of the marriage bond in that State, many of the more populous States of the North seem almost old-fashioned. New York State, containing what the provinces sometimes consider to be the modern Babylon, had only one divorce to every 23.6 marriages. The District of Columbia established the record for the country in this particular with only one divorce in every forty-nine marriages.

"Apparently, the American divorce problem is no different in quantity from that of certain European countries. Recent reports from Berlin say that one in every six marriages in Germany's capital ends in divorce, a figure practically the same as our own.

"This present year will probably show a large decrease in the number of marriages performed. The divorce total no doubt will remain as high as in 1929.

"People without prosperity hesitate to marry, but a decreased budget has no effect on the desire to obtain a divorce."

CURRENT POETRY

UNSOLICITED CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT CAN NOT BE RETURNED. UNPUBLISHED POETRY UNAVAILABLE

Rose Macaulay's novel "Staying with Relations" begins with a poem. It summarizes the story, which is furnished a "text" by Humbert Wolfe in *The Observer* (London) in these words:

"This is her text. Human beings are no more constant than wind and water. Who can pin them down, then, to this or that? Who can prophesy their actions and reactions? Who read the moving secret of their soul? So she takes a group of people who appear to be one thing. The unfolding of plot shows them all quite other."

FROM "STAYING WITH RELATIONS"

By Rose Macaulay

Has the sea form? It breaks, it drifts,
Encountering with the steepy sands.
Has water shape? It slips and shifts,
Thinner than dreams, between thy hands.

Sly, dubious ghosts, the blind mist slides
At cockshut up the wasty fell,
The pale, the Protean cloud-shape glides
Through a hundred forms, most mutable.

Shifting as mist, men's secret selves
Slip like water, and drift like waves;
Flow shadow wise, and peer like elves,
Mocking and strange, from the deep caves.

The brook runs bound within its hollow;
The cuckoo needs must cry cuckoo,
As swallows skim, so skims the swallow;
The wild deer does as wild deer do.

Grasp at the wind; aye, bind the mist;
Read the bright riddling of the skies.
But the soul, like slippery eel, will twist,
Quick from thy clutch, and trick thine eyes.

It bears no form; it breaks, it drifts,
Encountering with the steepy world.
It holds no shape; it slips and shifts,
Thinner than tunes on the wind skirled.

In *Kaleidoscope* (Dallas) a modern Helen speaks to Helen of Troy, lest that much-lauded dame grow too complacent in the shades:

TO HELEN OF TROY

By Helen Hoyt

Helen, it is not you they have desired,
And it is not you they praise now in their songs,
But you are a thousand women and a thousand faces,
And the glances of many eyes glance out of yours,
And the allurement of your breath
Is not the allurement of one woman that fails,
But your beauty is beauty itself,
And with that you have held men's love, their praise.
For never are they long in the delight of one delight,
But they must taste at many springs and far rivers,
Seeking not any woman, but all womanhood.
And you are that perfection and illusion,
For they have made you after their heart's wish
And call upon you by your name, your beauty,
But 'tis not you they call—not Helen, not Helen's face.
If you returned, would they remember your footsteps?
Or be more eager to look or follow after?
Or would they stop with you more than they stop with us?
Stay then their story, and be immortal and all-lovely;
For only yours is the beauty that can bend them wholly,
It is the dream of love their love is constant to,
The dream of love that holds, not we that hold them.
Only yours the beauty they let bind them, unwearied,
And never our beauty, the binding of our single love,
O Trojan woman who died, who never lived, whose beauty passed,
It is only the dream of love that does not die.

The way of dictators is neatly satirized in *The Nation and Athenæum* (London).

"OFF WITH HIS HEAD"

"Heads must roll in the sand, either ours or other people's."—Herr Hitler.

By MacFlecknoe

Although I'd die for freedom's sake,
Dictators, burly, bluff and breezy,
Excite my envy, since they make
All complex problems look so easy.
To show themselves beloved and prized,
To keep such plagues as "Whites" and "Reds" off,
To get exchanges stabilized,
One general method they've devised—
A simple policy of "Heads off!"

To prove Fascismo's moral force
Or lure Don Bradman into "swiping,"
Make streams run backwards to their source
And Croats dance to Serbian piping,
Might puzzle folk like you and me
Who know a stymie when we find it;
To them 'tis plain as A, B, C—
They simply issue a decree
With lots of penalties behind it.

When headstrong Hitler set his hands
To safeguard—through repudiation
Of her pledged word—the Fatherland's
Finances, peace, and reputation,
What vision fired his fervent soul
To undertake so high a calling?
A reign of terror was his goal,
And dictatorial control,
And heads among the sawdust falling.

Dull members of the bourgeois bloc,
Believers in the League of Nations,
May read with something of a shock
The Leipzig trial's revelations;
Yet, since he knows no better way
To keep his following staunch and steady,
Why should it worry them? For they
May keep their heads for many a day—
While Hitler's lost his head already.

The South Seas have been made familiar in book, picture, and screen; and in *Poetry World* we find their tragic belief in the background of sensuous beauty:

THE SEA SERPENT

By Clifford Gessler

("The Unmoved One conjured death upon the squid, and the long darkness was ended. But his spirit entered into the squid of the sea."—*Tahitian legend.*)

The long waves roll and shift and rise
and sharks and ships pass to and fro
and songs float over where he lies—
Po, the Great Darkness, deep below

and dreams a somber dream of doom
to come to pass when he shall wake
(and when he breathes, cold sea-flowers bloom,
and when he stirs, far islands shake).

He is the eldest of the gods,
the Darkness, who shall rise again
(when Kane the Light-Giver nods)
to swallow all the homes of men.
This is the word the gods have read
in coils that grip the roots of shore:
The palm shall grow, the coral spread,
and man—auwe!—shall be no more.

Out of the dark the sun was hurled;
a little while his fires shall burn,
a little while his light be whirled
till earth and sun to night return.

This is the word the Great Squid knows
where he lies, bend on shuddering bend:
Out of the dark the life-stream flows,
and back to darkness in the end.

We should hesitate to quote this, from *Interludes* (Baltimore), were the author not a woman.

THE FIRST MATE'S SONG

(He Was a Misogynist)

By Dorothy Foster Brown

Some like red hair
An' some like brown;
In braids or in ringlets,
Or bobbin' up an' down.
Some like 'em bold,
An' some like 'em shy;
But I hate women,
An' this is why:

They haven't any sense
An' they talk too much,
Whether it's in Spanish,
Or Turkish, or Dutch.
They're artful an' sly
An' deep as a well;
They all love money,
An' they're false as Hell!

Oh, some like 'em young
An' some like 'em old;
Easy an' lovin',
Or haughty an' cold.
Some like 'em fat,
An' some like 'em thin—
But I hate women
Worse than Sin!

There are many people professing the philosophy at the heart of the following. And those who don't may perhaps profitably experiment with it to-day. In the Toronto *Star*:

GOOD TIMES

By Grenville Kleiser

Think "good times"—
It is the state of mind
That brings prosperity
And puts dull days behind.

Talk "good times"
No matter what they say;
Sane, optimistic talk
Will drive the clouds away.

Act "good times"—
Be equal to the test;
Compel "good times" to come,
Resolve to do your best.

Spread "good times"—
By thought and word and deed;
With sturdy faith and confidence
Know you will succeed!

Some waif, maybe, in a far-off island, follows the example of St. Francis. From *The Spectator* (London):

THE SEALS

By L. A. G. Strong

Leave her alone,
She is the Island's daughter.
Sleek heads, dark heads
Are risen from the water:
Leave her the company
Her songs have brought her.

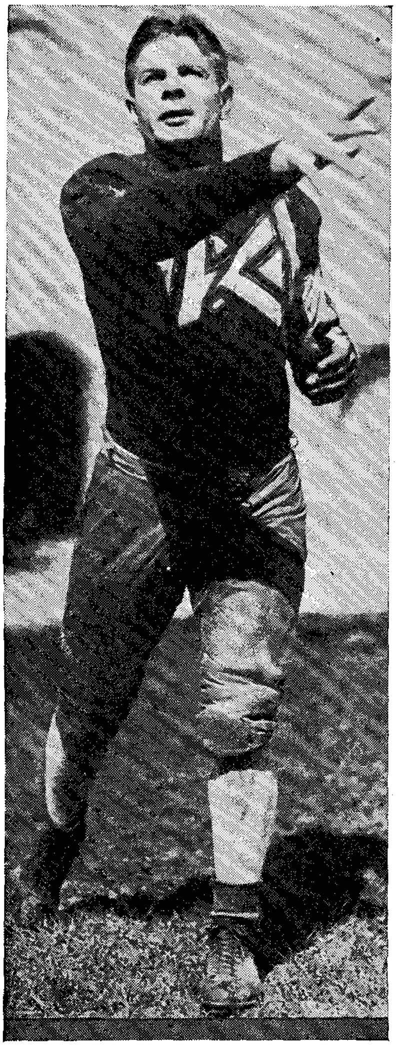
The old gray music doctors
From the ocean,
Their holy, happy eyes
Shining devotion,
Applaud and blow
In foam and soft commotion.

It is her hour,
The Island's only daughter.
The dark, sleek heads
Are risen from the water.
Leave her the company
Her songs have brought her.

What Football Players Are Earning This Fall

GO WEST, YOUNG FOOTBALL STAR, go West, and to the Big Six rather than the Big Ten.

This cynical but candid advice is implied in the comments of Joe Williams of the New York *Telegram* and Arch Ward of the Chicago *Tribune* on the recent charges, countercharges, and admissions of subsidizing football players in many American colleges and universities.



Keystone photograph

"Jarring Jim" Bausch, Kansas Cyclone Center

Concerning this situation, which seems to arise every fall, Mr. Williams observes that "the figures indicate the footballers get along better financially in the West than in the East."

Mr. Ward, comparing this year's revelations concerning the University of Kansas with last year's University of Iowa bombshell, tells us in words much like Mr. Williams's that "players get along better financially in the Big Six [which includes Kansas] than in the Big Ten [of which University of Iowa is a member]."

The beginning of the story takes us to George Washington University, in Washington, D. C. There, it seems, six members of the freshman team decided that altho it looks like a long, hard winter, with jobs at a premium, they should demand a "raise in pay."

We don't use those last three words literally. An editorial in the Washington *Post* explains that it has been the practise at the university "to assist football players in obtaining work, the proceeds from which were appropriated to pay for tuition, board, and lodging." The hardy half-dozen, this editorial says further, demanded that they "be given free tuition, board, and lodging by the university, and that they be permitted to keep for themselves the money earned in jobs secured for them by the athletic department." Lovers of amateur sport have been heartened by the fact that the "strikers" got their walking papers from the team from Coach Pixlee. And, we are informed, they have left the university.

In the meantime all was growing noisy on the Mid-Western front, and particularly around the University of Kansas and the Big Six. Charges of subsidizing and proselyting athletes flew back and forth so freely that it wasn't long before half of the Big Six schools (Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Kansas Aggie, and Iowa State) were involved in the storm that blew Kansas out of the conference. James "Jarring Jim" Bausch, Kansas halfback, was the center of the cyclone because of the accusation that he was being helped along financially in college with a $75-a-month job as representative of an insurance company.

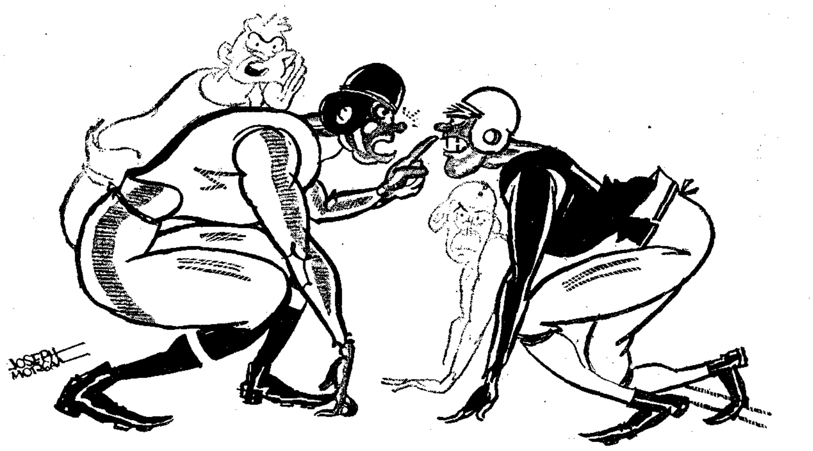
This mention of a definite monthly wage brings us to those dollars and cents matters that, according to Mr. Williams in *The Telegram*, are of particular interest to the side-liner. Reading the news, continues Mr. Williams, "one gets the notion that a young man with football skill can do right well for himself" in the Mid-West. And here the writer passes on to us what he has gleaned from the dispatches:

> Young Mr. Ross Marshall presents an affidavit charging that he was offered $300 in cash by an alumnus if he would enroll at University of Missouri.
>
> A member of the backfield of the Kansas State Agricultural College testified that he is paid $75 a month by a wealthy farm owner. The money is in the form of a retainer. After graduation the backfield man is to manage the farm.
>
> Besides establishing a salary scale for backfield men in the Big Six, this incident helps to show how difficult it must be to get good farm managers. Perhaps all that chatter about farm relief was not an exaggeration.
>
> Incidentally, these figures indicate the footballers get along better financially in the West than in the East. A year ago at about this time the Carnegie Foundation snoopers made public their survey of college athletics. One of the Eastern colleges was shown to be paying its half-backs $10 a month.
>
> Presently the head of the college was asked what he planned to do about the condition. "Well, I will say this for our coach; he gets mighty good men for that kind of money," he replied.
>
> One of these days the colleges may be compelled, in self-defense, to adopt a program of open professionalism, openly arrived at. Fantastical as it may sound, such a program would at least have the merits of simple honesty, as opposed to the hypocrisy that exists in some academic circles.

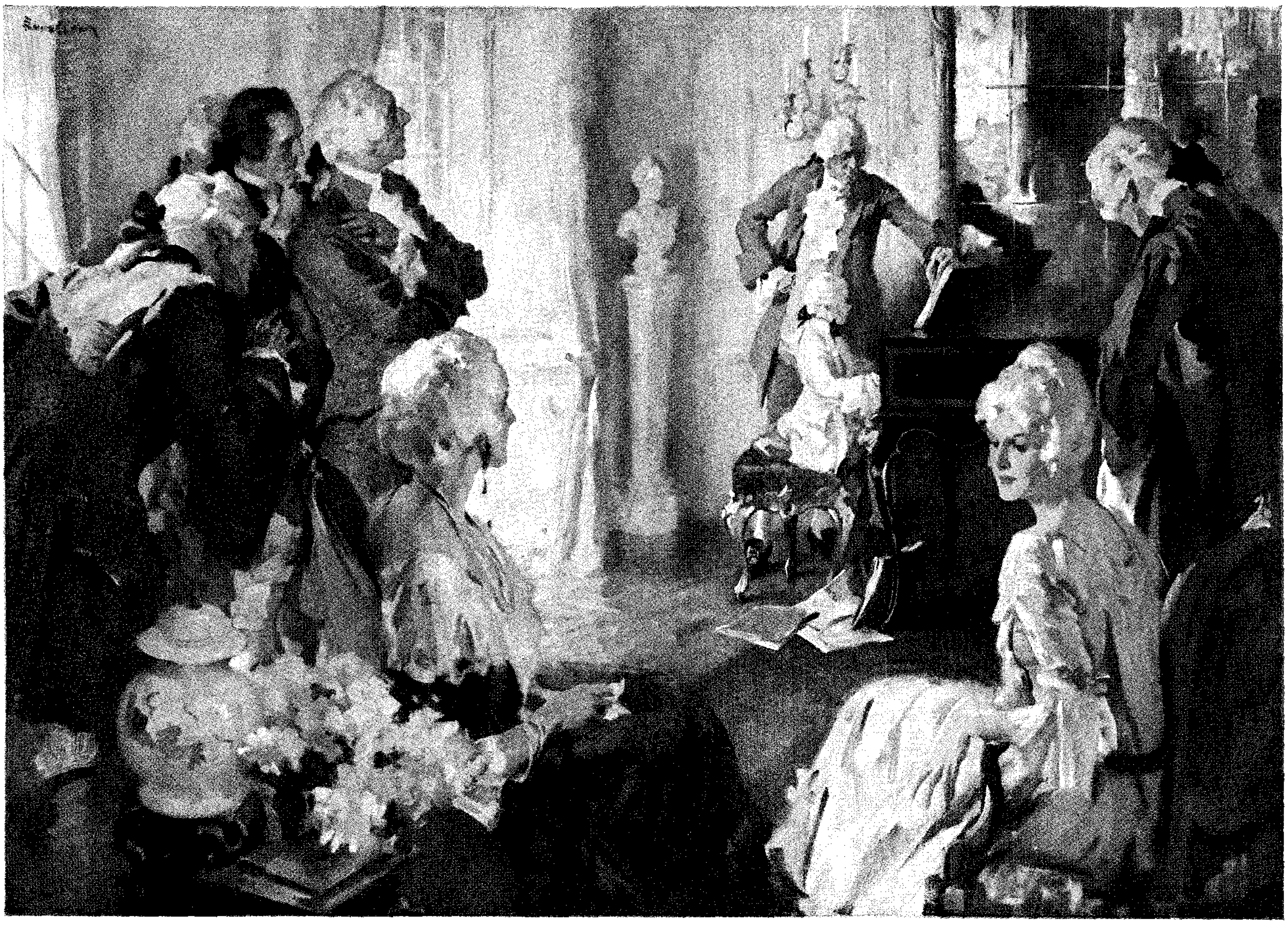
Now we turn to the Chicago *Tribune*, where Mr. Ward likens Kansas's 1930 plight to the University of Iowa's predicament last year. Both, he reminds us, "were ousted from their conferences for recruiting and subsidizing athletes contrary to the code of the Big Six and Big Ten." On the interesting subject of remuneration, we learn:

> Football players get along better financially in the Big Six than in the Big Ten.
>
> Several Iowa athletes were disqualified from conference competition because they were beneficiaries of a slush fund.
>
> Investigation showed that the amounts varied from $15 to $50 for the year. The Kansas lad caused his school to be thrown out of the Big Six because he was receiving $75 a month from an insurance firm in Topeka.
>
> A press agent from a Pacific coast school recently told a *Tribune* writer that athletes cost about $75 a month in that

(*Continued on page 33*)



"Try That Again an' I'll Report Cha to de Union"
—Morgan in "Judge."



For a Discriminating Clientele

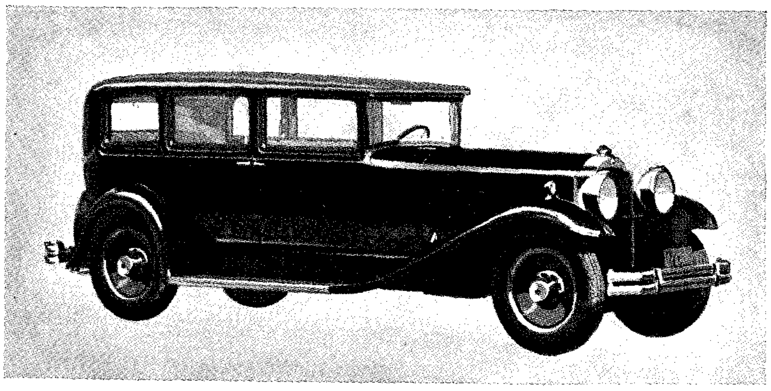
The brilliant young Mozart received great inspiration and encouragement from his royal patroness, Maria Theresa. Much of the world's fine music has been stimulated through the interest of those with wealth and appreciation. And so it is with all fine things. The appreciation of those who know and want the best things in life has, over thirty years, built Packard leadership in the realm of truly luxurious transportation

The luxury of Packard transportation—now available at no greater cost than the lesser advantages of many lower-priced cars—has lately brought new thousands to the enjoyment of Packard ownership.

Motorists who thought the Packard Eight beyond their means have discovered that operating costs are no greater for a Standard Eight than for any other car of similar size and power. And also that depreciation, the most important cost of car ownership, is no greater, either, if the Packard is driven proportionately longer, which it nearly always is.

If your present car is of Packard size, undoubtedly you, too, are paying Packard costs. Why not, then, *have* one of the new series Standard Eights—refined and improved in appointments and details, and with added power and speed?

Any Packard man will gladly come and give you the actual figures on Packard ownership costs, so that you can compare them with your current motoring expenses. And you will be satisfied, unless your case is most unusual, that the luxury of a distinguished Packard Eight can be yours at no financial sacrifice at all.



PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

YOU SAVE IN MANY WAYS WHEN YOU BUY A FORD

LOW FIRST COST is just one advantage of buying a Ford. Of even greater importance is the saving in the cost of operation and up-keep. As the months and years go by, this saving will total many dollars.

The economy of the Ford is due to its simplicity of design, high quality of materials, and accuracy in manufacturing and assembling. Every part has been made to serve you faithfully and well for many thousands of miles.

Ford owners everywhere will tell you of the economy, reliability and good performance of the new Ford. A salesman who travels long distances daily by automobile writes:

"I purchased a Model A Ford Coupe on May 8, 1928, and at this writing have run it 75,888 miles. After I had driven 44,400 miles, I spent $45 in repairs and at 61,000 miles had an additional amount of work done costing $25. I have never had the brakes relined. My tire mileage has averaged better than 18,000 miles."

Another Ford owner tells of traveling more than 24,000 miles in a year, in all kinds of weather, and says "the only parts expense was 75c for a shock-absorber link and 50c for a new rubber for the windshield wiper."

A total of 39,721 miles is reported by a Ford owner on 1685 gallons of gasoline. Another Ford owner, describing a 13,000-mile trip across the continent and back by way of Calgary and Banff, writes: "We were amazed at the performance of the Ford. We drove constantly at fifty miles an hour and averaged better than twenty miles per gallon of gasoline.

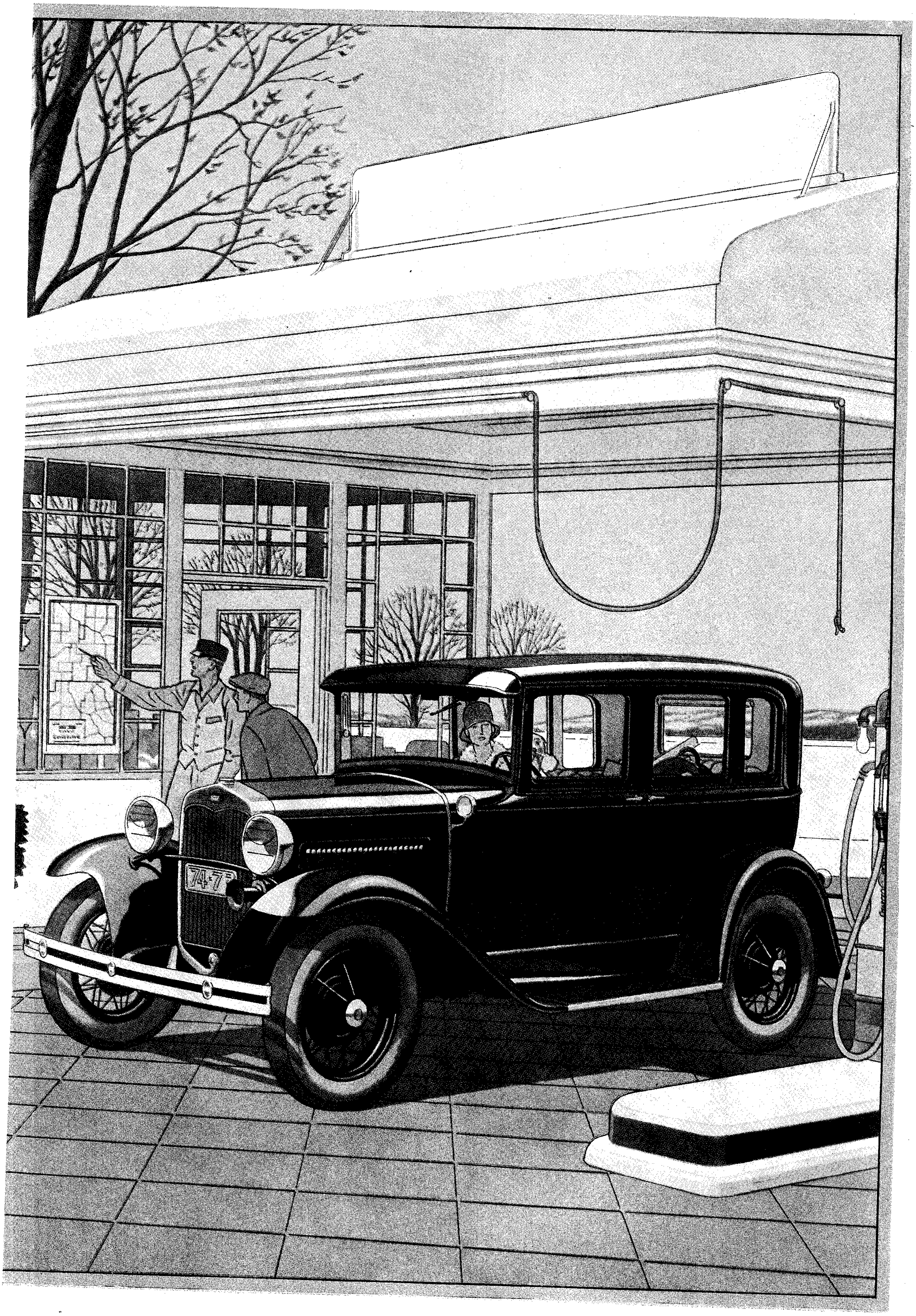
"Not counting the day at Grand Canyon, we drove home to New York from Los Angeles in just eight days. The car was extremely economical to operate, comfortable and speedy."

Large industrial companies which keep accurate cost records are buying more and more Ford cars every year because of their proved economy of operation and up-keep. Many of these have fleets of fifty, one hundred and two hundred Ford cars and trucks. One large corporation operates more than eight thousand.

The experience of these careful buyers is a dependable guide for you to follow in the purchase of an automobile.

NEW FORD TOWN SEDAN

Many features combine to make the new Ford a value far above the price. In addition to low first cost and economy of operation, they are —quick acceleration . . . 55 to 65 miles an hour . . . ease of control . . . Triplex shatter-proof glass windshield . . . fully enclosed four-wheel brakes . . . four Houdaille double-acting hydraulic shock absorbers . . . more than twenty ball and roller bearings . . . aluminum pistons . . . chrome silicon alloy valves . . . chrome alloy transmission gears and shafts . . . choice of colors . . . rich, long-wearing upholstery . . . bright, enduring Rustless Steel for many exterior metal parts.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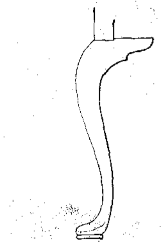
GENERAL MOTORS
RADIO

General Motors Radio offers an exceptional value . .

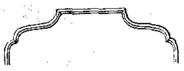
The Queen Anne Radio-phonograph

A very attractive period model of the new General Motors Radio, refined and graceful in style, in harmony with any setting—completely equipped for both radio reception and the electrical reproduction of phonograph records. $198, less tubes.

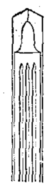
QUEEN ANNE *Period Characteristics*



The distinctive Queen Anne cabriole leg with pad foot.



Molding of this shape and type is identified with the Queen Anne period.



The beveled and fluted edge with canted corners is a pleasing characteristic of this popular period style.

THE
QUEEN ANNE
COMBINATION $198

LESS TUBES

The General Motors Radio Corporation presents the Queen Anne radio-phonograph—one of the most unusual values to be found in radio today. This admirable instrument is priced at only $198, less tubes. Here is a value all the more impressive when you realize that this handsome period model of the new General Motors Radio provides the best that modern science can contribute to radio and phonograph performance—and, in addition, offers in its cabinetwork a type of design which has stood for centuries as a standard of good taste in furniture.

This fine instrument is equipped with the Visual Tone Selector—a remarkable new feature of the General Motors Radio with which you can actually "tune" radio reception and phonographic reproduction to please *your* ear!

Before you invest in any type of radio instrument it is advisable for you to see and hear the Queen Anne radio-phonograph. The nearest General Motors Radio dealer will be glad to give you a complete demonstration. He will also explain a new policy which makes it possible for you to keep your General Motors Radio cabinet as long as you like—and still enjoy all future developments in chassis or speaker at the lowest possible cost.

The Queen Anne radio-phonograph is one of five distinctive period models of the new General Motors Radio, ranging in price from $136 to $270, less tubes. Any model may be purchased on the liberal GMAC plan of a small initial payment and convenient installments.

GENERAL MOTORS RADIO CORPORATION
DAYTON, OHIO

THE NEW GENERAL MOTORS RADIO
with Visual Tone Selector

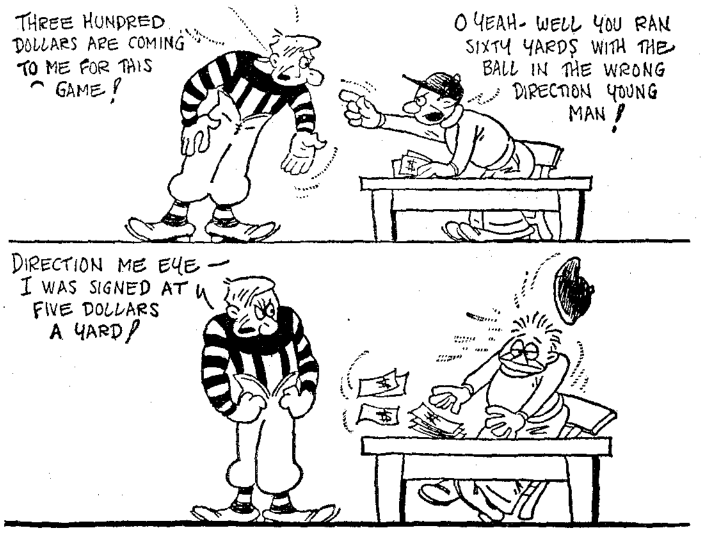
(*Continued from page 28*)

league, too. These incidents ought to help establish a definite salary scale for collegiate football men. It seems that Iowa got mighty good material for the kind of money it spent.

Why should a half-back in the Big Six or Pacific Coast League be worth $75 a month when the boys who score touch-downs in the Big Ten get only $50 a year?

Here is a problem for the American Federation of Labor.

THE University of Missouri started the Big Six disturbance when it announced that it would protest Bausch's eligibility. But no sooner was this intention made public than Missouri found the finger of suspicion pointed at itself. And then the merry war was on. An Associated Press dispatch quoted from the Chicago *Tribune* untangles and tabulates the scrambled charges thus:


THREE HUNDRED DOLLARS ARE COMING TO ME FOR THIS GAME!
O YEAH- WELL YOU RAN SIXTY YARDS WITH THE BALL IN THE WRONG DIRECTION YOUNG MAN!
DIRECTION ME EYE — I WAS SIGNED AT FIVE DOLLARS A YARD!

By courtesy of the New York *Daily News*

Now That They're Paying Them

—Powers in the New York "Daily News."

> First centering on James A. Bausch, Kansas half-back, who has been a perennial subject of investigation since he forsook the University of Wichita for the University of Kansas, the charges involved not only Bausch but his football coach, H. W. Hargiss; William H. Meissinger, Kansas Aggie half-back; and Chester L. Brewer, athletic director, and Dr. H. J. Huff, track coach, both of the University of Missouri.
>
> Meissinger said, in conference with Dr. H. H. King, faculty representative, and M. F. Ahearn, athletic director of the Aggies, that he was receiving a monthly salary from E. H. Lupton, Jr., Topeka and Lawrence insurance man, which was in the nature of a retainer for a position as manager of Lupton's farm, after his graduation.
>
> Bausch issued a statement in which he said he had been approached indirectly by Huff, regarding attendance at the University of Missouri, with promise of a larger monthly wage than he received from Lupton, and other inducements, if he would transfer his athletic endeavors to Missouri. Bausch said this offer was made in the summer of 1929, before he had competed on Kansas varsity teams. Huff was track coach at Kansas in Bausch's freshman year.
>
> The University of Kansas athletic office, which issued Bausch's statement, also made public the copy of another letter written by Clerin "Bogie" Zumwalt, Kansas City, Kansas, athlete, now at Washburn College, Topeka, in which Zumwalt says he met Brewer in Colorado last summer, and the Missouri athletic director told him he had a friend in Columbia who would give Zumwalt work for his room and board if he would attend school there.
>
> Dr. Forrest C. "Phog" Allen, athletic director at the University of Kansas, reiterated a previously express desire for an open investigation of the conference by an outsider, or group of outsiders, with the schools prorating the cost. Kansas officials reiterated statements that Bausch had been investigated before, and his amateur status was found unblemished.
>
> Missouri athletic officials denied they had made overtures to any athletes.
>
> King and Ahearn of the Aggies express regret at Meissinger's revelations, and said had they known of the arrangement they would have taken action in their own athletic council.
>
> Hargiss denied he had influenced Phil Borello, Kansas City athlete, to attend Kansas. Hargiss was supported in this by Judge Clarence A. Burney of Kansas City, former Kansas athlete, who said he had urged Borello to go to Kansas. Borello attended Notre Dame for a part of a term a year ago.

IT seemed at first, however, that the argument would end without a suspension, and with every one making up and promising to be good. The optimistic hope was phrased thus in a special dispatch published at the very outset in *The Tribune:*

> The conference faculty men hope to lay down a definite code of rules as to what member institutions may and may not do in the future, to secure their adherence to these rules, and to provide adequate penalties for any future violations.
>
> Missouri athletic officials who have taken the lead in pressing the Bausch case indicate they will be satisfied with such an outcome. Both Dr. Tarr and C. L. Brewer, director of athletics, have made it clear from the start of the controversy that Bausch was only a figurehead in their attack. They said he was selected because his status was best known to the public, and that it was a condition rather than the circumstances surrounding the competition of one man that they wished to correct.

BUT the dope was upset, and suddenly Kansas found herself on the outside of the conference looking in. The suspension, effective at the end of the current scholastic year, was ordered by the conference with these provisions and results outlined in another Associated Press account:

> To be reinstated, Kansas must initiate correction of the conditions declared illegal by the conference faculty council.
>
> The student body generally was defiant of the conference ultimatum as the Jayhawker "power-house" football squad scored a conference triumph over Iowa State College.
>
> Bausch was on the bench in uniform. Coach Bill Hargiss announced that the star was recovering from a knee injury and was being saved for a game with the University of Pennsylvania. Hargiss said Bausch remained a member of the team.
>
> A different view of the eligibility situation was taken at Kansas State Agricultural College. Officials of the school promptly suspended from athletic competition W. H. "Bill" Meissinger, football star and captain-elect of the Aggie baseball team, upon learning that he was receiving $75 a month from Mr. Lupton, president of the insurance company which employs Bausch.

THE University of Iowa, of course, was able to sympathize with Kansas, for, as already remarked, the Hawkeyes last year were in the same sort of trouble with the Big Ten. "Thou, too, oh, Kansas!" exclaimed an editorial in *The Daily Iowan,* the student newspaper, quoted directly by the Associated Press, as follows:

> If Burt Ingwersen has a free week-end for the Iowa team next year, he ought to offer it to the University of Kansas, for Kansas now stands in the same position to the Big Six as Iowa did to the Big Ten last fall. There ought to be a fellow feeling between the two institutions.
>
> In both cases it looks like the kettle calling the pot black. The coaches of the two schools should have practised a few deception plays off the gridiron as well as on.

The demand of the six George Washington frosh for pay was, of course, not so important as the Mid-Western upheaval. But its very audacity made it a toothsome morsel for the sports-page readers. Naturally, then, it received full attention, and in the course of the discussion George Washington's policy toward athletes was stated thus in an Associated Press article under a Washington date line:

> "Each one of the group," Coach Pixlee said, "had come into the university with the definite understanding that we would do nothing for him except to see that he got a job."
>
> The athletic director, who is now in his second year with the university, said that up until last Thanksgiving, room and board, as well as athletic scholarships and other concessions, had been given to football men.
>
> Last fall, however, the university issued an edict that it was cleaning house, effective Thanksgiving Day. Pixlee said he took the athletic scholarship fund and split it equally among the squad.
>
> He added he told every man that his free room and board would stop at that time, and that unless they wished to continue for the sake of the university alone, they could go.

Gallant Fox, Equine Philosopher, Goes Home

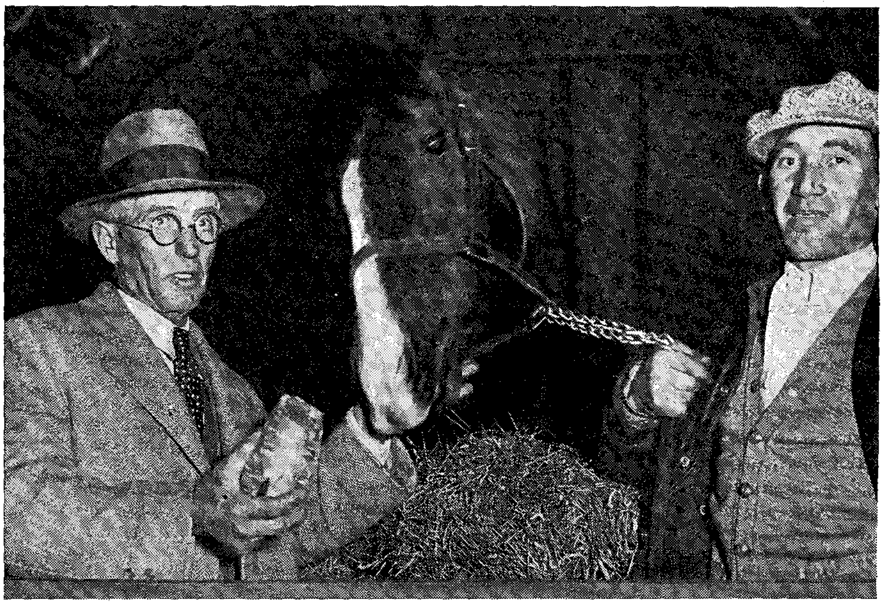
THE SMARTEST HORSE that ever wore racing plates was munching his last feed in a training stable, and a group of his admiring human retainers gathered around to swap tales illustrating his smartness.

They praised his restraint in holding himself in when it was not necessary to let himself out, Henry V. King tells us in the New York *Sun*, they recalled his canniness in differentiating between friend and foe, they chuckled over his fussiness about food.

But they spoke in deepest awe, perhaps, of the thousands of dollars he had won, reported thus by the New York *Times*—$328,165, if you count only the purses; $341,365, if you include the value of the cups. The smaller figure makes him the biggest money-winning horse in America; the larger, the biggest winner in the world.

And this equine paragon, it goes without saying, could be none other than William Woodward's great three-year-old, Gallant Fox, whom we have had occasion to mention before in these columns.

Gallant Fox, whose feats have come within the confines of a single season, has been retired, and now we can study his career as a whole.



P. & A. photograph

Attended by His Suite, He Speeds by Passenger Train

Some months ago we asked the question: "Is Gallant Fox Another Man o' War?" We'll never know, and for a simple reason, outlined by Mr. King in *The Sun:*

> There hasn't been one like him in this country since Man o' War, and there are hundreds of expert turfmen who say he is the equal of that immortal, and scores who insist he is his superior. But because they never met, the superiority of the two colts never will be definitely decided.
>
> Each has a brilliant record. No three-year-old ever did more than did the Fox of Belair. He won every stake he went after, except the Travers, which was run in a sea of mud and was replete with rough riding. In that event he was beaten by Jim Dandy.
>
> Gallant Fox captured the Wood Memorial at Jamaica, was shipped to Pimlico, where he won the Preakness. The following week he ran off with the Kentucky Derby at Churchill Downs. Shipped back to New York he won the Belmont Stakes at Belmont Park and later the Dwyer Stakes at Aqueduct. From there he went to Chicago, where he was victorious in the American Classic at Arlington Park. Returning East to Saratoga he was defeated in the Travers, but later galloped to victory in the Saratoga Cup there.
>
> Back to Belmont Park he came, and there won the Lawrence Realization and later the Jockey Club Gold Cup. He started ten times this year and won nine, and was second in the other, the Travers.

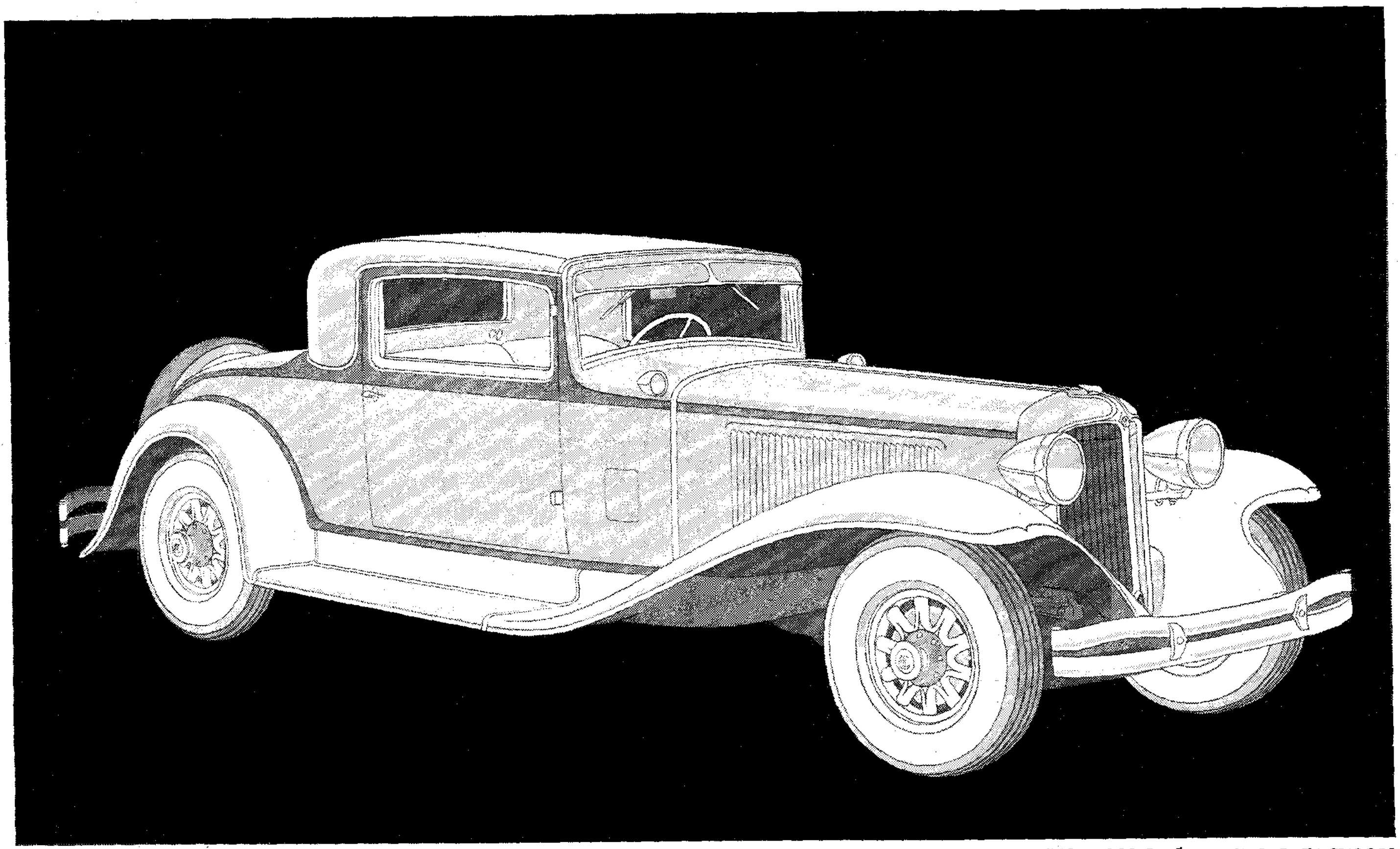
But Gallant Fox's racing days are over, because of a cough, not a serious one, we read in Mr. King's account, but one that makes it advisable not to train him. So Gallant Fox is going to lead the life of Riley on a stock-farm at Paris, Kentucky, whither he was sent in state recently, in a special car attached to a crack passenger-train. But before he left he was paid a signal honor. The skeleton of the legendary Sysonby was placed in the American Museum of Natural History. Now Gallant Fox's measurements have been recorded so that they may be preserved in the same museum for posterity. As Mr. King tells us in another *Sun* article devoted to the Belair colt:

> Prof. S. H. Chubb of the museum staff, attracted by the worldwide interest in the horse, visited Gallant Fox at his barn at Aqueduct, and measured the famous horse's important points.
>
> The measurements show there is nothing abnormal or unique about Gallant Fox's physical make-up. He is simply a splendidly and symmetrically made colt.
>
> None of his points is either extraordinarily large or especially small. He is a big, strong horse, but not conspicuously so. Much larger and stronger than the average race-horse, he is not as large as some at any point.
>
> Professor Chubb's figures, which are in the museum, are:
>
> Height at withers, 16¼ hands.
>
> Height at ilium, or the upper portion of the hip-bone, 16 3-16 hands.
>
> Withers to ilium, 33¾ inches.
>
> Withers to proximal end of humerus, or shoulder, 24½ inches.
>
> Proximal end of shoulder to elbow, 13½ inches.
>
> Elbow of knee, or wrist, 17⅞ inches.
>
> Length of tibia, or shin-bone, 16¾ inches.
>
> Length of hind cannon, 15 inches.
>
> Length of fore cannon, 13 inches.
>
> Girth, 73 inches.

The great colt's friends in the East hated to see him go. As we have noted already, they gathered around, just before his departure, to swap tales, which Mr. King passes on to us:

> They said that if he had not been such a smart horse he would have broken a world's record every time he ran. They insisted that the only time he ever extended himself was for three-eighths of a mile in the middle of the Preakness, when he ran that distance down the back-stretch in thirty-four seconds. On all other occasions he refused to do his best, they said, because he knew it was unnecessary to do so in order to win.
>
> They pointed out, too, that the colt could differentiate between friends and acquaintances, and that he knew who the stable bosses were, and respected their authority.
>
> These men said that no stranger could dope or tamper with the Fox without causing a riot. The colt knew all the men and boys connected with his immediate stable, and knew the fellows employed at Fitzsimmons's other two barns, but that he would accept nothing from any one who was not connected with his stable.
>
> And no one, friend, acquaintance, or foe, could make him accept sugar, carrots, or anything else once he was saddled. Neither could any one force him to take a drink of water when he was hot and dirty after a race or trial. Led to a bucket, he would refuse to even dip his nose into it. But after he had been bathed and cooled out he would drink a whole bucket of water. His companions say he knew every work day, and knew the exact pole he was to break from, and where and when to pull up. They say when on and off the track he noticed everything. He knew when a strange man or horse came near him, or when a new flag was raised on the track.
>
> One morning, after work hours at Saratoga, a brass band and calliope began to turn loose all sorts of noises a hundred yards from his stall. There was a circus on a near-by lot. The Fox jumped to his door at the first strains of the strange music and gazed in its direction for five minutes. Then he nonchalantly turned back to his hay, and, altho the band and calliope played all day, and all the next day, the colt paid no attention to it again.

CHRYSLER
STRAIGHT EIGHTS



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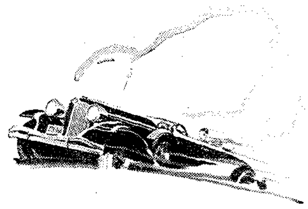

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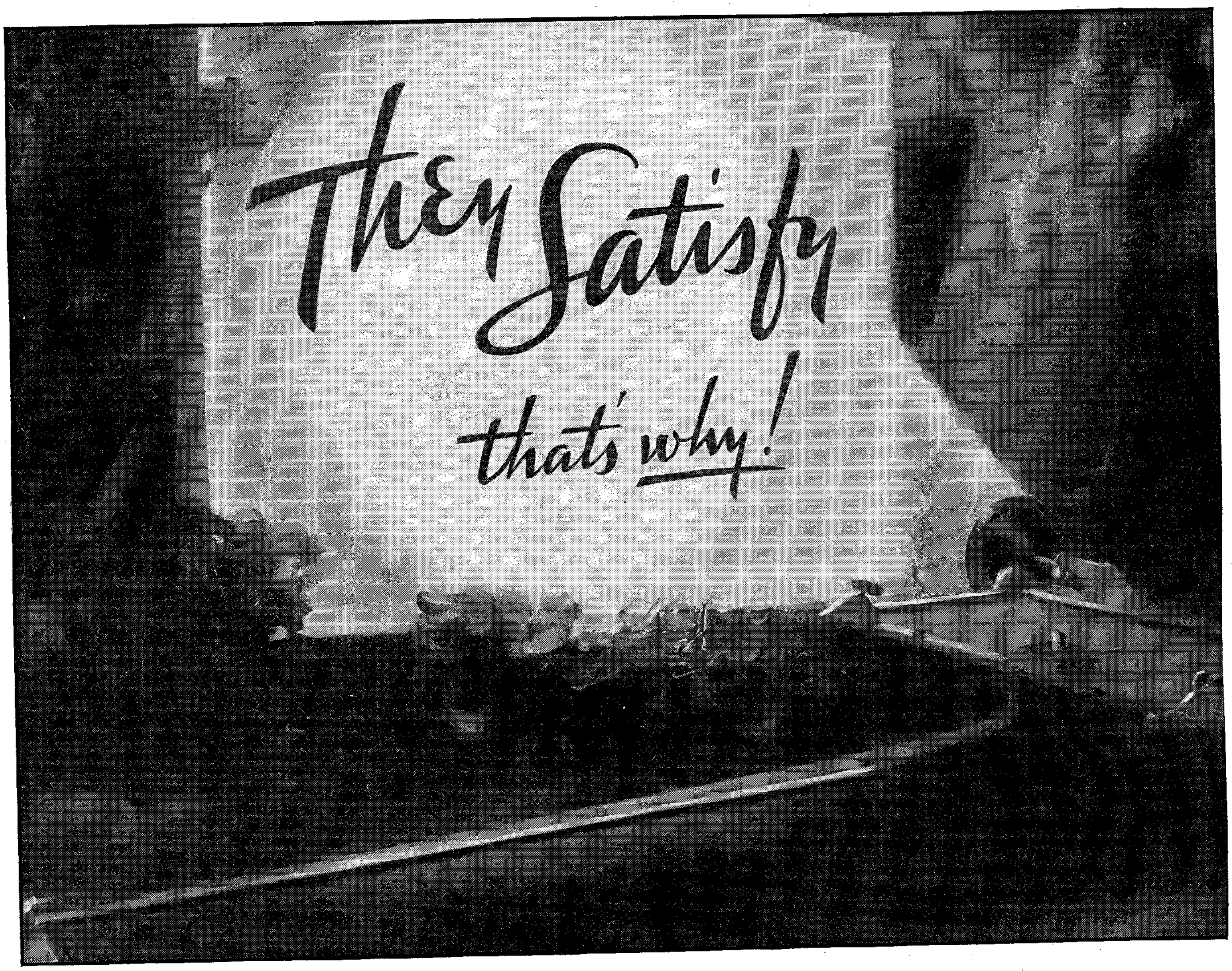

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*MILDER ... Chesterfield's more delicate flavor and fragrance are not the outcome of chance, but the *natural* result of blending fine tobaccos that are themselves mild, sweet and fully ripened. There can be no harshness, no bite, no irritation in tobaccos so carefully selected and so thoroughly mellowed.

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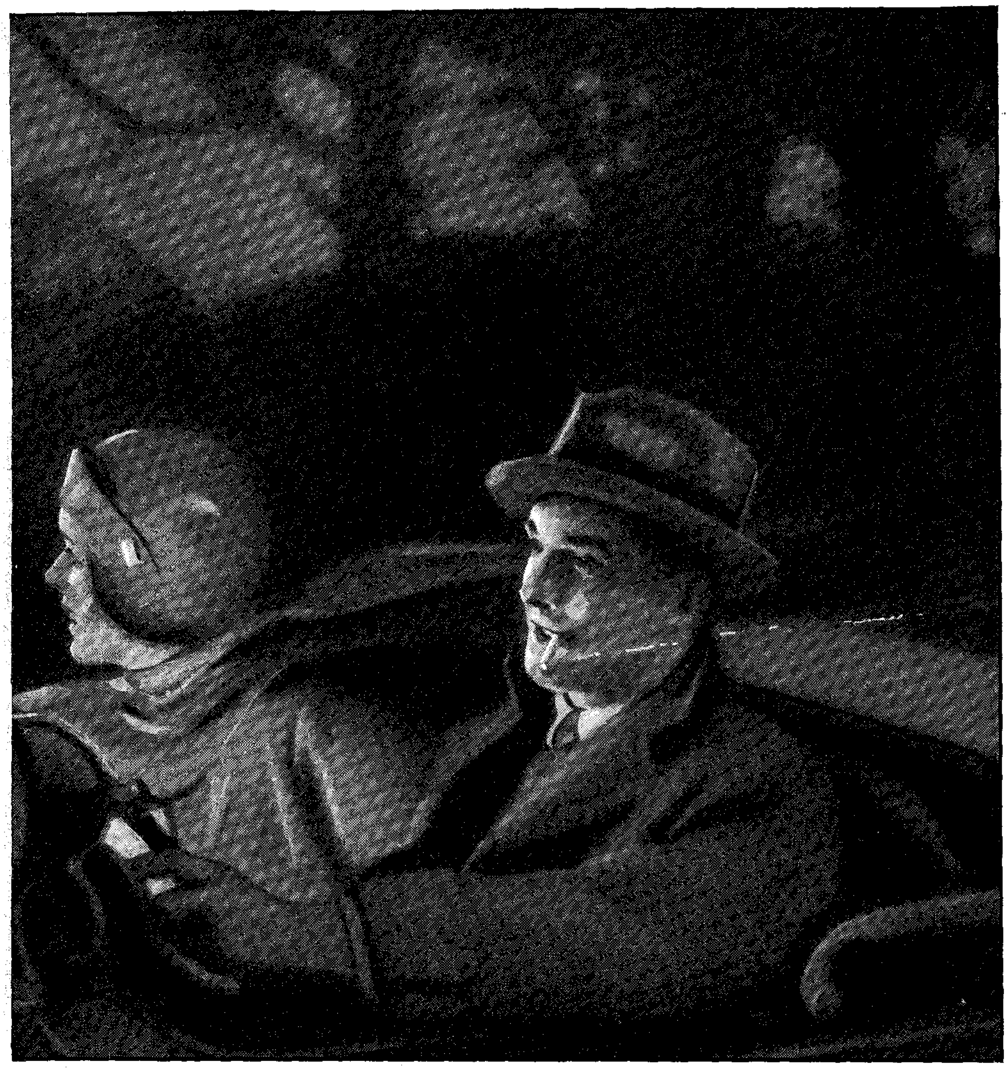

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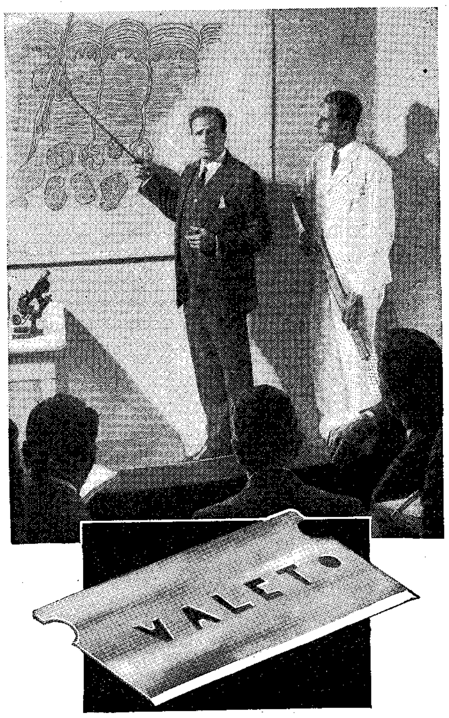
Such popularity must be deserved

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET
—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT



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"The Valet leaves the face free from the irritation often induced by inferior blades. It does not produce those minute lacerations which open the skin to infection."

Dermatologists prescribe the Valet to relieve and prevent skin troubles caused by harsh shaving. The super-keen edge is easier on the face—glides through toughest beard lightly, without irritating the skin. Keep your face young—your skin clear. Get your new Valet blades today.

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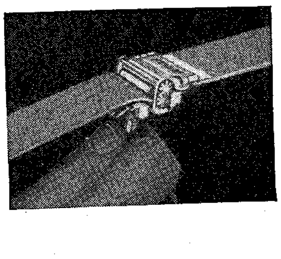
The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel



The NEW VALET
Auto-Strop BLADE

Why Press Agents Have Gray Hairs

"WHAT!" bellowed Ben Atwell. "Why, the house is sold out. She's gotta sing."

"But Madame ees sick," insisted the insignificant husband of the operatic star. "She has the terrible headache. The roses were red, and she can not live with anything but yellow roses. You see?"

Ben Atwell, the practised theatrical press agent, saw all too clearly, we learn from a copyrighted article by Lloyd Lewis in the Chicago *Daily News*.

He had sent those roses to keep the temperamental star in good humor. And he had failed.

But resourceful Ben was not to be stumped by such a mishap. He had many a dodge in his bag of tricks, and he was determined that Madame should not disappoint her public, and make it necessary to refund large sums to ticket-holders. That would have been even worse.

Without a word, Mr. Lewis tells us, in his reminiscent article on the trials that beset the path of the press agent:

> Atwell caught the fellow by the collar and brandished a fist.
>
> "Madame goes on or I'll beat you to a pulp!" he said.
>
> The husband broke away, jumped over a table and ran. Atwell jumped the table, too, and pursued him. On the street Madame's husband escaped. But that night Madame sang beautifully. She believed that it was the only way to save her adored mate from bodily harm.

ATWELL had another prize story, one which Mr. Lewis regards as his best. "The Explorer and the Editorial Writer," it is called, and it runs thus:

> Ben, it seems, was managing and press-agenting an Arctic explorer, preparing him for a nation-wide lecture tour, and in advance of the New York première, Atwell arranged a little supper, at which editorial writers, star reporters, and scientists could meet the great man.
>
> The party began with promise. Happiness was everywhere. The explorer brought out a box containing what was then a new idea—pemmican—concentrated food which Arctic adventurers carried into the polar wastes.
>
> "These cubes look like caramels in their box," said the explorer, "but they are powerful with life. One cube will support a man for a whole day—it is the equivalent of three square meals—a little reservoir of dynamic energy."
>
> Atwell, watching his guests, noted with satisfaction that they were interested.
>
> One editorial writer in particular seemed fascinated by the pemmican, bending over the box to stare at the mysterious little cubes.
>
> He was a thin, wan man, scholarly and bookish, Atwell noted. The party was now so well in hand that Ben slipt out to bring more ginger ale from the corner drug-store, and returned five minutes later with satisfaction in his heart.
>
> But as he approached his apartment door, sounds of horror were in the air.
>
> Bursting in, Ben found the room in chaos—sofas upset, the piano splintered, women shrieking as they fled from one point of refuge to another, chair legs sticking out of shattered bookcase doors, and the Scholarly Editorial Writer yowling and whooping as he swung from the chandelier.
>
> As Ben watched, the frenzied writer dropt to the floor, then made yelping attempts to climb up the smooth walls.
>
> In the dining-room under the table crouched The Famous Explorer, his eyes wide. Atwell crawled under to join him and asked, "What on earth happened? Is the man drunk?"
>
> "No," chattered The Explorer. "He ate a month's supply of pemmican."

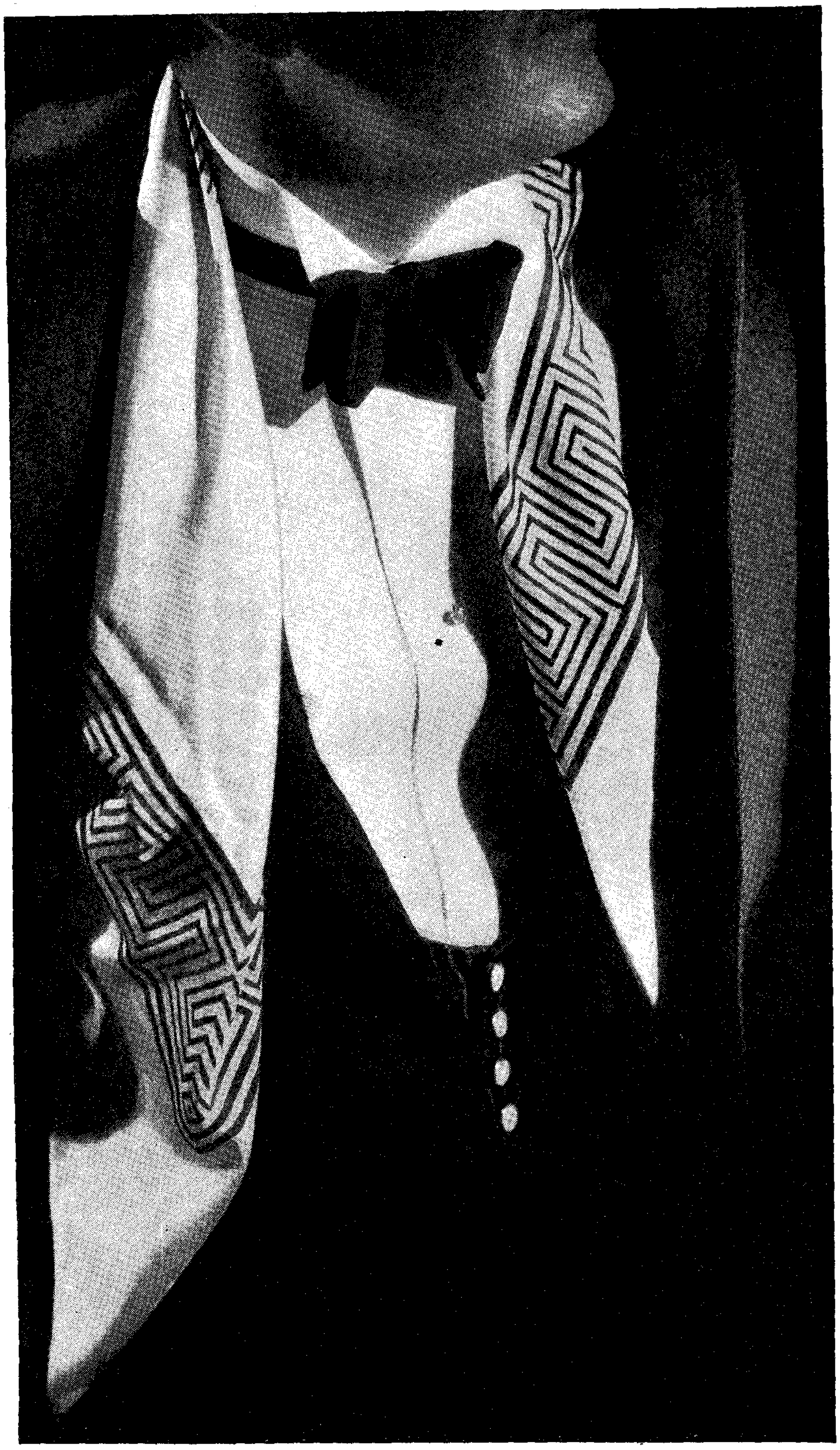
FRED JORDAN, "one of the best of old-time press agents," had his troubles with opera singers, too, just like Atwell. According to the oft-told story, we read:

> Fred once toured with a certain tenor whose European fame seemed to justify lavish expectations for his American success. The tenor was an ignorant peasant, who had been a carpenter in his native village when promoters first took him up and rocketed him to fame and wealth. He could sing magnificently, but what he really liked to do was to hammer and saw at little carpenter jobs.
>
> Jordan, thinking to make the tour a pleasant one, told the tenor: "Now you're going to have lots of fun on this trip. In every hotel room where you stop I'm going to have a lot of nice soft lumber, assorted sizes, and you can saw it up and nail it together all day long. Won't that be fine?"
>
> The singer almost wept with delight.
>
> Jordan went further.
>
> He bought his tenor an elegant surgeon's case to hold his carpenter's tools, and rejoiced to see the singer carry it with him wherever they went. Fred's technique was simple. He telegraphed ahead for the lumber, instructing each hotel manager to have in the singer's room sixty feet of ash two-by-fours and 100 feet of poplar inch stuff. When the train pulled in the tenor, gripping his tool-case, would rush for the hotel and make the sawdust fly until time to eat and sing.
>
> The tour went perfectly until they reached Kansas City. Jordan sent his charge on to the hotel in a cab while he remained behind to secure the trunks. Leisurely Fred came into the lobby a half-hour behind his tenor.
>
> The manager met him. "Is my tenor up-stairs?" asked Fred.
>
> "Yes, he's in. We gave him the best suite we had—the bridal suite, Jordan—and at the regular rate for smaller rooms, too. How's that?"
>
> "Fine," said Fred. "I'm sorry to have him clutter it up so. I hated to have to put you to all that trouble about getting the lumber."
>
> "What lumber?" asked the hotel man.
>
> "Didn't you get my wire about the two-by-fours and the inch stuff?" Fred cried.
>
> "No," said the manager.
>
> "Great heavens!" moaned Fred. He dashed for the elevator, dragging the manager by the hand. Down the corridor they ran. A sickening sound came from somewhere ahead—the rasp of a saw. Using the master key, the two men flung open the tenor's door. They found that the fellow had a mahogany bureau on its back and three of its legs sawed off.

Of the younger group of press agents—

(*Continued on page 40*)

More than 4 million people have made *this* discovery



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If you haven't tried this remarkable, up-to-date tooth paste, made by the makers of Listerine, do so now.

Compare its quality with tooth pastes in the same price field and with those costing more than twice as much.

Compare its certain, pleasing results with those of any tooth paste at any price.

We would not dare to invite such comparisons unless certain Listerine Tooth Paste would show to advantage. You will find its merits instantly apparent.

White Lustrous Teeth

We ask you to note how swiftly and thoroughly it cleans the teeth; neutralizing decay-causing acids and removing stubborn tartar and discolorations with a minimum of brushing.

We ask you to witness the brilliant, natural luster it gives your teeth.

Observe also how sound and healthy it leaves the tooth structure after months—aye years—of brushing. No fissures, cracks, imperfections, or soft spots to mar precious enamel.

Look for that wonderful feeling of freshness and invigoration you associate with Listerine itself, and—

Pocket that $3 a year it saves you.

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In our position as a large manufacturer of toilet articles, we are enabled to buy in mass quantities—hence at lower prices. Our methods of production cut costs to the bone. Only because of these two economies (which we pass on to you) can we offer you such a dentifrice of such quality at such a price. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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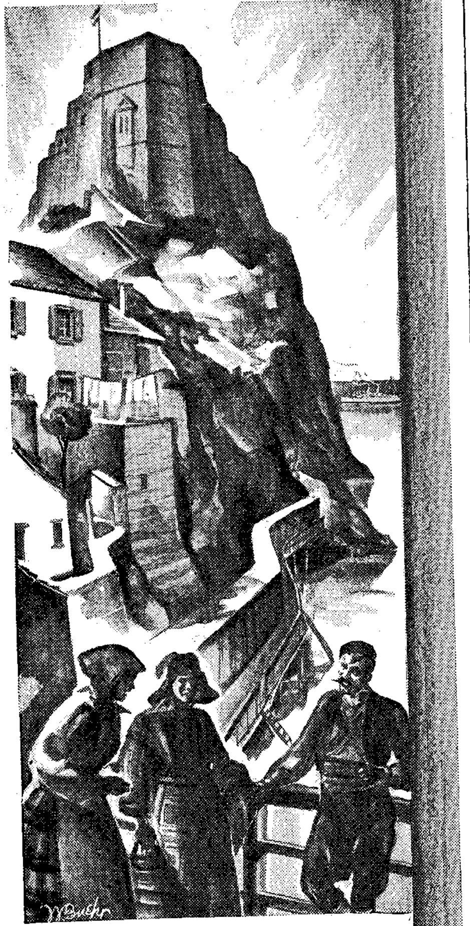

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(Continued from page 38)

the moving-picture heralds—Ben Serkowich, Chicago newspaper man, was the most original, we are told, as we read on:

> Humor ran through almost all of the "plants" which Serkowich arranged. A "plant," in modern press agentry, is a "stunt" that occurs for no other reason than to attract attention. It has, in late years, almost entirely supplanted the "fakes" or jocular little fictions which old-time press agents concocted.
>
> Once Serkowich left Chicago for the week-end and journeyed to Peoria, where Singer's Midgets were appearing.
>
> The little people were due to open an engagement in Chicago Monday, and Serkowich had gone to meet them. While he was talking to their manager in the Peoria theater a cyclone struck the town.
>
> Quick as it came, it was no quicker than Ben. Like a flash he seized the manager and shouted, "Get seven or eight of the midgets out here on the street, quick!"
>
> "Are you crazy?" the manager yelled. "They'll be blown away!"
>
> "No they won't!" Serkowich snapt. "You and I'll hold 'em down till they can form a ring around a telegraph pole."
>
> Many people saw the midgets in the brief minutes while Ben held them to their dripping task. Soon the word went into the newspaper offices that the dwarfs had saved their lives only by holding hands around the pole.
>
> On Monday morning the newspapers in Chicago published the story, mentioning Singer's Midgets by name. That day they opened their engagement in the city.
>
> The thing had happened. It was **news.**

Farewell to the Matinée Idol of the Gridiron

"WHY don't you show 'em how you used to do it?" said the great football coach to the former star of the gridiron who had just complained that the modern line doesn't charge properly.

"I'll do it," was the earnest reply, Charles W. Paddock tells us in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine.

And then "Pudge" (for the former star was the mighty "Pudge" Heffelfinger of Yale, and the coach was "Tad" Jones himself) got into a suit. The equipment room, Mr. Paddock tells us, "had nothing big enough to fit him, and he looked like a man in a small boy's suit when he walked on the field. He had no protection and needed none." Reading on:

> In a few minutes he had ripped the Yale varsity line to shreds, and "Tad" Jones was pleading with him to go back to the training-quarters before he ruined his team beyond repair.
>
> The old boy went away at last mumbling to himself that football had become a children's game, and he thanked a kindly Providence that he had been allowed to play when a man could be himself. Incidentally, Heffelfinger has never been invited to "charge" against the Yale varsity again.

Indeed, a great football team to-day is "composed of eleven stars," Mr. Paddock remarks as he proceeds:

> No single man is entitled to all the glory, or even to a lion's share of it. Ten others have played their parts well, else the eleventh could never have captured the head-lines nor won the glory.
>
> Even "Red" Grange, the most colorful champion of modern times, would never have been carried to the crest of gridiron glory had he not possest a teammate named Britton, and a line which stood ready to do or die for dear old Illinois.
>
> Grange himself will tell you so to-day, tho he never fully realized it until he entered professional football, where he found himself without a line to battle for him as his college teammates had done. And one man, even tho he is a genius on the lime-lined turf, can do little against eleven men whose knowledge of the game is as great as his own.
>
> This has not always been so.
>
> In the old days, before team-work was perfected, one giant with courage and speed and a natural instinct for football could win gridiron immortality without the help of his line. "Pudge" Heffelfinger of Yale was like that; and Jim Thorpe of Carlisle; and Willie Heston of Michigan, and a few—a very few—more. They were giants to begin with; so big and strong and fast, that they needed no interference to crush their opponents. They played against men as individuals, and they were unbeatable.
>
> To-day even these immortals would be checked. For it's team-work that counts, and team-work was unknown when football first began.

THE old-time star would destroy the harmony of a modern mechanical eleven. Heffelfinger proved this himself, as we have already seen. Yet one recent star was like the mighty man of Yale. Ernie Nevers, who attended Stanford, had the shoulders and arms of Heffelfinger, but his legs were light and his ankles unusually small, we learn:

> The latter proved to be his only weakness. They could not stand up under the terrific pounding and the severe punishment to which Nevers constantly subjected himself. At that, he was the greatest modern representative of sheer power that football has known, and the finest full-back who ever played on the Pacific coast.
>
> His gameness, strength, and ambition were never more strikingly displayed than in the game against Notre Dame on January 1, 1925.
>
> That year the Fighting Irish had their famous Four Horsemen back-field of Stuldreher, Miller, Crowley, and Layden, together with a splendid line. It was an unbeaten team which had to win only this game to capture the mythical national championship.
>
> Coach Pop Warner of Stanford had a fair team and the great Nevers. The latter, single-handed, marched up the field on three occasions and twice ripped across the Notre Dame line for touch-downs. With the whole Notre Dame team set to stop him, the blond giant would still make his yards, while on defense he was all over the field, breaking up the almost perfect Notre Dame interference, and stopping the fleet Four Horsemen time and again.
>
> And he did all this while supported by frail ankles, whose tiny bones had been crippled and shattered. That was nerve and the kind of courage which reminded the old timers of the athletes of yesterday.

Study of Children at the Piano by Anton Bruehl

CHILDREN WITHOUT TOYS

Slim, gallant, untried . . . fresh as new rose petals . . . they put their toys aside. Yet before them still stretch several more years of childhood. It is, perhaps, the most difficult time of all. Now more than ever they must have plenty of just the right thing to do . . . and worthy friends. Their sensitiveness, their eagerness to live poignantly, must be sympathetically dealt with. The substance of reality must be adroitly exchanged for the discarded toys.

And it all will be a little easier if they have been taught how to partake of the "good life" . . . swimming vigorously through the cool sea . . . putting the zest of health into the swing of a racket . . . savouring the clean orderliness of modern clothes . . . and strolling pleasantly through the glamourous gardens of creative culture.

This last does not mean that they have to be poets, painters or great musicians. It means, to take music for an example, a pleasant familiarity with gay melodies, with the spirit-stirring work of immortal genius, with all the myriad cultural influences of a fine art.

True, it may seem, at first glance, expensive to substitute a superb piano for a toy. But a first-rate environment will definitely help to produce a first-rate person. And the Steinway is so perfectly and soundly built that it will serve your children's children when the time comes . . . yet it can be obtained now on a deferred payment plan that will not burden even the modest income. The Steinway will do more than assist your children through their most difficult time to a sane and beautiful life. It will give them an attractive accomplishment that will help them to make friends. It will permit them to develop their talents, unhampered, on what is both the strongest and most perfect instrument. And it will subtly connect them with a glorious tradition . . . for virtually every great musician from Wagner to Rachmaninoff has used the Steinway.

A new Steinway Upright piano can be bought for a total as low as $875

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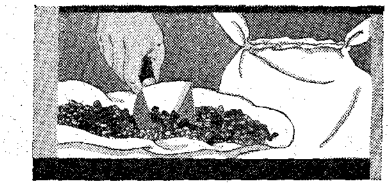
It's not coffee, but the caffein in coffee that so often affects you. And now you can have genuine delicious coffee, from which 97% of the caffein has been removed. It's Sanka Coffee. Drink Sanka Coffee and revel once more in the delights of coffee.



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Sanka Coffee is real coffee. Make it as you've always made coffee. A blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees, Sanka Coffee is rich in flavor—tempting in aroma. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer.

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make the night-test!

The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee that you can enjoy morning, noon *and* night—without regret!

SANKA COFFEE

GROUND OR IN THE BEAN

SANKA COFFEE

drink it and sleep!

Sanka Coffee is a blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees—from which 97% of the caffein has been removed.

Japan's Picknicky Duds No Picnic

HAVING chilblains is no fun. And the fact that you were wearing picturesque and romantic clothes when you caught the indisposition does nothing to relieve your discomfort. And, finally, if the picturesque and romantic clothes are the cause of the trouble, you are likely to adopt less colorful but warmer garb.

It's reasoning such as the foregoing that is responsible for the westernization of Japan, we judge as we read Miriam Beard's new volume on "Realism in Romantic Japan" (Macmillan).

"Why do you do it?" Miss Beard used to ask her Nipponese friends sadly as she saw them discarding kimonos and sashes and houses of painted screens in favor of Occidental tweeds, serges, and thick, solid walls.

And they would always reply that altho the old-time Japanese garments and houses are pretty to look at, they were not the most convenient things to live in.

The arguments would go on in this manner, with Orientals upholding Western ways, and an Occidental upholding Eastern ways. Miss Beard would say:

"Why do you want to give up your Japanese houses? They must be so easy to take care of and so informal to live in. Why do you wish to change the kimono? Nothing looks more comfortable."

And then I would find myself confronted by a wholesale indictment of native domesticity, to which each woman contributed her favorite argument.

From my window I had perhaps seen these women approaching down the rainy street, and thought with pleasure how like the prints were their slim, swaying figures in the distance. As they hurried along, dragging their wooden sandals, their soaked skirts clung and flapped, and their long sleeves unscrolled in the wind. They clutched at the scarfs about their necks, and tried to shelter their bare heads behind big paper umbrellas. To an outlander, the picture was gratifying.

With plaints, however, they entered our quarters. Their wet feet were cold. The wind had sought all the loose edges of sleeves and chilled them. The drenched skirts of their robes would be hours adrying. And, before I could reassure them that, anyway, they had looked like the dream of an artist, they declared emphatically and unpoetically that, above all things, they detested having chilblains.

At home, too, apparently, they were always shiveringly conscious of winter cold. To keep warm, they knelt close to the brazier, huddling above a glow that scarcely heated finger-tips and gave out, besides, a noxious gas.

All vitality, they insisted, went into the effort of fighting chill; and the day-long shrinking toward the fire was not without a cramping effect upon the mind.

When I suggested a furnace, knowing that these particular friends could well afford it, they objected that Japanese houses had no cellars; when I mentioned stoves, they answered: "Heat warps delicate wood and lacquer. It has been tried again and again, always disastrously. Furniture unglues, cups chip, beams split, paper rolls up, family treasures wrinkle and crack."

Winter, I murmured, would soon be over, and what could be jollier than a light Japanese dwelling in warm weather?

"Ah," they sighed; "when the walls are open, flying insects dash in, beating against the paper-screens and lanterns. Reading at night is almost impossible, and even sitting up is no pleasure."

My enthusiasm for the picnic-character of the home was not wholly dampened—"surely, they had the lightest housekeeping of any women in the civilized world?"

"It takes the whole day," they protested. "Our furniture is so low, we must forever be bending and stooping. The woodwork which you like because it seem so plain acquires that satin sheen only through years of daily rubbing with slightly oily bath-water.

"The paper walls you admire must be dusted with patters; our houses must be 'patted' clean every day, for we can not wash them, as you do windows, at long intervals. The mattings to be spotless for stockinged feet must be incessantly scrubbed; before parties we shine every bit of it three times.

"And those bed-quilts—what an arduous labor to be forever rolling them away and hauling them out! Those sliding-doors! They can not be pushed open, like yours. One must kneel, and with three fingers, just so, press them noiselessly along the grooves.

"And the decorations in the domicil! They are never finished, as in Western houses, but must be attended to regularly, put up in boxes correctly labeled and tied with brocade cords; the scrolls must be carefully rolled; and not even a great master of flower arrangement can achieve a correct design in a moment. We have no time for social life."

"BUT you all have servants," Miss Beard exclaimed, bewildered; "three or four at least, instead of just one or two as you might in the West."

And in reply:

"Slow and inefficient!" they wailed, as housewives all over the world have a habit of doing. "They never get through the daily tasks. And besides, so much of our housekeeping must, according to all tradition, be done by us. We are taught to look on it as a ritual, each act with a flawless formula; we alone can tend the *tokonoma*, take care of the finest pottery.

Children can make more noise and mischief in a Japanese house, unquestionably, than in any other. They can punch holes in paper walls, reach and upset anything left on the low tables and shelves, and whenever they shriek it can be heard through thin partitions by the neighborhood. Watching them is an engrossing occupation; women have acquired the habit of wearing the babies on their backs, even indoors, to hush them.

Contemporary men and women require more quiet and privacy than their ancestors. The official, the writer, or the business man, who brings home his papers for evening work, is distracted by countless noises and interruptions. Through flimsy walls is transmitted every cough, every flap of the duster, closing of a shutter, cry of a tradesman, or patter of wooden shoes on stepping-stones. The babies bounce in, and find it very easy to clamber over a crouching father, and spill the ink

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Is his car safe—or DID THE ANTI-FREEZE EVAPORATE? *He's never sure of his protection because it fades away.*

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He knows he's safe—because GLYCERINE WILL NOT EVAPORATE. *One filling protects his car against freezing for the entire winter.*

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Five years ago glycerine was anti-freeze news—last year it was permanent anti-freeze protection for 1,600,000 motor cars.

Why this change? Because glycerine as an anti-freeze performs *two* distinct services. It protects your car against freezing and it *protects your mind against worry.*

An anti-freeze that evaporates will protect your car against freezing—if you worry enough. But it's the *worry* you want to get rid of—the fuss and bother of constantly testing your anti-freeze solution, running for more anti-freeze, and watching to see that the mixture doesn't get too hot.

Glycerine takes this worry and bother off your mind. It won't evaporate. It won't steam off. You always know you're protected. *One filling lasts the entire winter.*

Remember too that glycerine has no odor—gives off no unpleasant fumes. And it is as safe for your car as water. It will not harm either cooling system or car finish.

Naturally the cooling system should be tight where a permanent anti-freeze is used. See that it is made so, put in one filling of G. P. A. Radiator Glycerine, and get freeze up worries off your mind for the entire winter. Put it in your car today.

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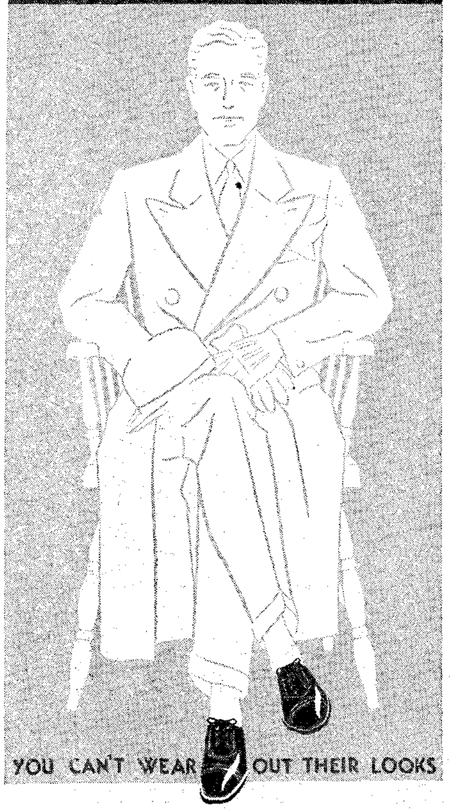
YOU CAN'T WEAR OUT THEIR LOOKS

Let's Get Out

OUT where the ice-chips crackle underfoot in cuppy hollows, and the oak leaves rattle by, and the crisp gale whips ozone into smoky lungs . . . It will be good going—in Smith Smart Shoes. There's footgear for you! Tough, supple soles. Uppers tailored like a cup defender's sails. Wear, fit, style—more than $10 worth . . . One of the new numbers for Winter is shown below. It's the He-Man, in genuine Scotch Grain . . . black or copper.

Write for new Dress Guide D and your Dealer's Name, to J. P Smith Shoe Company, Sangamon and Huron Sts., Chicago . Smith Smart Shoes for men and women; Dr. A Reed Cushion Shoes for men.

on the foot-high desk. Of such incidents are modern Japanese stage comedies made.

AMONG the less affluent members of Japanese society there are difficulties in the way of adopting the more convenient Western ideas. But among the rich, of course, there is no such trouble. If the rich "wish to entertain more, or be more comfortable, they simply hire an architect and build a complete foreign mansion, send their children abroad to learn the appropriate behavior, or hire tutors to teach them how to acquire it on the spot." Reading on:

Impeccable were such of these homes as I saw; and their owners appeared wholly at ease in the new environment. One nobleman had built a great English country place, faithfully reproduced from the ivy that clambered over stone walls to the velvety lawn, from the baronial hall with its oil-paintings to the Japanese servants who not only wore the livery of English butlers, but had somehow absorbed the exact, suavely bland expression of their British prototypes.

Another estate held a French *château*, where in a boudoir of rose, gilt, and crystal, on brocaded sofas, sat *jeunes filles*, some in kimono and others in Paris frocks, discussing the poems of Paul Claudel.

Yet another home was German from cellar to pointed roof and, of course, provided with a music-room; while a fourth was a purely American domicil, with low bookcases and wide fireplace, roomy couches, and a sun-parlor looking out on a court where vigorous girls were laughing and playing tennis.

It is in more modest circles, naturally, that the hot debate over the new home occurs. Thousands of business and professional men who spend the day in "down-town" offices at night return to kimono and cushion; tens of thousands of university and high-school boys and girls who wear foreign dress to classes sit on benches or chairs, and practise athletics, find kneeling on the floor at home positively painful; multitudes of mothers who want a more modern hygienic bringing-up for their children can not without sacrifice and struggle pay for much improvement.

Some solve their difficulty by moving to the new suburban "garden cities" and renting a concrete "foreign-style" house. A few semi-Japanese apartments have been recently erected in Tokyo with provision for community laundry and cooking. Many persons add various articles to their residences, regardless of esthetic principles; they hide a telephone behind a screen, put a lantern around the electric bulbs, conceal a phonograph near the *tokonoma*, spread a rug over the chilly matting, or boldly install a wicker chair or two and a desk, in spite of the fact that they do look like mastodons in the low-ceilinged room.

"The foreign-style parlor," a room attached to the Japanese abode like a trailer to a motor-car, is the solution preferred by many. Business men may entertain customers here; daughter may practise on the piano and learn foreign etiquette in the right surroundings; son may sit at a desk for his studies. Sometimes the whole family prefers this wing, while only grandmother remains faithful to the former apartments. Thus a very strange dual life is led. Before long, I decided that to live with one culture alone was distinctly monotonous.

Do you want a surprise?

NO DOUBT, you've heard of Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee. You know it's free from the harmful effects of caffeine and will not disturb your sleep.

But you may have an idea that removing the caffeine steals some of the aroma—some of the wonderful flavor of the coffee.

But please forget any prejudice. Try the improved Kaffee Hag Coffee. You'll be surprised. This is *real* coffee. Each sip brings you every bit of the rich flavor and aroma of the world's finest coffees. You cannot tell it from the best coffee you ever tasted. But it will not keep you awake, disturb your nerves or digestion.

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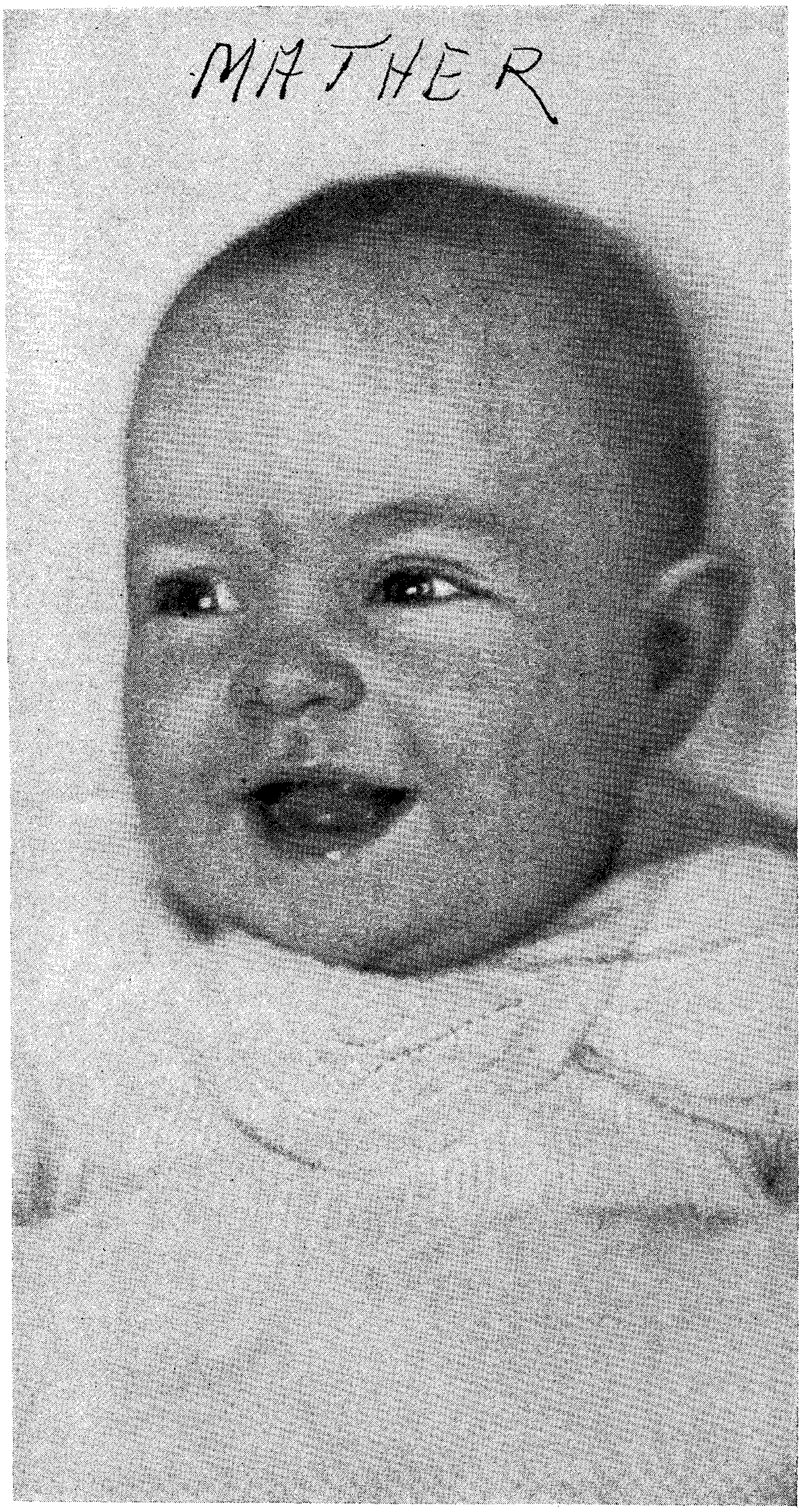
So big!

HAND-WOVEN woolens, a porridge spoon, a cradle—strange, sparse provisions, these, for the baby of yesterday. Today's baby thrives with a whole nursery at his command. He has sanitary methods, gentle soaps, pure foods — numerous aids that have become the divine right of babies. In a few years more, he and his boy and girl contemporaries go proudly to school and camp. They prove what shoes, bicycles, and middies are made of . . . test the purity of candy, ice cream.

One of the largest, most important markets in the world is this: the children's market. Parents are fearlessly determined to have the best for their children.

Each year, in the United States, about two and a half million babies are born. Not only do they make imperious demands for purchases they outgrow incredibly fast . . . but also they cast their silent determining votes in selections of home furnishings, lights, furnaces, refrigerators. At their coming, parents cease to be mere buyers for themselves, and become buyers for a family. They acquire a whole fresh world of interests. Banks and insurance companies take on new important meanings. Homes invite investment. And these millions of young people — with more or less unset preferences for merchandise — suddenly become discriminate in buying!

Parents know, just as the manufacturer knows, that purchases for children must be along the lines of purity, safety, freshness, proved results. That the only supplies recognizably safe and pure are those that appear over the names of reputable makers. Doctors recommend such goods. Mothers discuss them when they get together. . . . And it is only a matter of common sense that this reliance on advertised goods for children grows into reliance on advertised goods in the other purchases the changing years require. And it is only a matter of foresight on the part of manufacturers that in the homes of more than thirty million children, advertising is laying the foundations for the buying habits of a lifetime.



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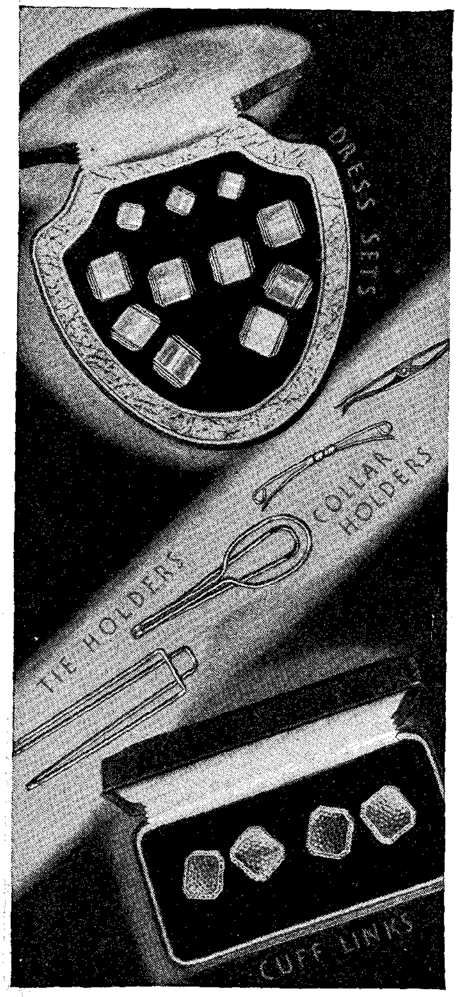

Men may not admit it, but . . .

Men may not admit it, but where is the man who is not flattered by a gift of handsome jewelry—particularly if it justifies itself by being useful as well as ornamental.

Krementz Jewelry is the kind men buy *for themselves!* It is handsome, masculine, smart, correct. A glance tells you that it is superior! It makes an intimate, *personal* gift which will be treasured, admired and *worn!* Remember that!

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Write for our handsomely illustrated booklet, which contains a Dress Chart, showing what is correct to wear for each and every occasion!

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JEWELRY FOR MEN

"Back to Backgammon!" Cry the Parlor Gamesters

THE big parade of parlor games—anagrams, laddergrams, guggenheim, mah jong—files into oblivion, and now, as Lelia Hattersley tells us in the New York *World*, "rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief, tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor" are gathering round to play backgammon.

For this diversion of our forefathers has come back to life with a vengeance.

Or, as it would be more respectful to say, it has taken on new life. For this game, which many of us have regarded merely as something encountered in old-fashioned novels, has had a certain popularity all along—at the Paris sidewalk cafés, where it is called *tric trac*, for example, and in some American communities, such as Providence, noted, as Miss Hattersley tells us, for its expert players.

But now what a change.

New rules make backgammon more exciting, and endear it to the hostess, as the *World* writer tells us, by permitting the "entertainment of any odd or even number of people from two to five or six." And, reading further, we discover that "it licenses the members of an ancient profession, the kibitzers." There is unprecedented activity in supplying equipment and instruction.

Bridge teachers "are giving backgammon lessons, and the manufacturers of boards are hard at work meeting the demand for their wares."

Many newspapers are publishing daily lessons in this game, others are devoting articles to it. Magazines have discust it, books have been devoted to it.

But all the time, Julian Jerome complains in *Vanity Fair*, the etiquette of the game has been neglected, despite the fact that, as he says:

> There is no game, not even contract bridge, in which a player, without infringing any of the written rules, may be more annoying, more irritating, and more of a bore to his opponent, than at backgammon.
>
> The variety of ways in which a man or woman, armed with a dice-cup and dice, can sit down before a board and quite unconsciously, perhaps, exasperate or exhaust an adversary, are numerous enough to deserve some mention.
>
> First, there is the Lazy Player (women are the greatest offenders in this), who sets up the board and arranges the men in as leisurely a fashion as if only one game were to be played every three hours.
>
> The Slow Player is the overthoughtful one, who ponders for long, weary minutes over every possible and probable move combination of his throw, and takes also into lengthy consideration the chances of your next throw.
>
> One of the worst backgammon offenders is the Cup Rattler. With infantile glee, he grasps his dice-box in his hand, and from the moment your first throw is made to the moment his last man is borne off, he frantically, loudly, and passionately rattles his dice.
>
> There is also the Fast Shooter. This type of pest never waits until your dice are back in your box to hurl his own upon the table with the speed of a machine-gun, and his do-or-die expression manages to make you feel as if the destiny of an empire hung upon the cast of his dice.
>
> The Cock-Dice Thrower, who in his enthusiasm for good rolls, throws into your board, into an ash-tray, on the floor, or under the piano, is another pest, particularly so, as by some evil (or lucky) chance, his cocked throw is usually an excellent one, and when he must take it over again he breaks out into a whole train of laments against his ill luck and fortune.
>
> This type quite naturally leads us to the Grouser. He is also found on the golf course, complaining bitterly of poor lies, and at the bridge-table, of wretched cards.

WHEN the Grouser enters the backgammon lists, declares Mr. Jerome, "the board becomes a veritable wailing wall, and after his first bad cast of the dice, he lifts his voice in a pathetic apostrophe to the Gods of Chance." Thus:

> "That," he exclaims, "was the worst throw I could have had! I always throw the most terrible dice in the world! I've never seen such dice as you throw. You get everything you ask for!" etc., etc., ad nauseam.
>
> But even the Grouser is not as bad as the Coaxer, the pathetic and heartrending wooer of Fate, who announces to his box before every throw what lovely sights he would like to see issue from it.
>
> "Now for a little five and a four!" he cries, hopefully.
>
> Or, holding the box between his two hands in a supplicating and prayerful fashion: "Double sixes, double sixes, please!"

Well, what qualities are needed to be a backgammon star? Alertness, quickness, and intelligence, says Miss Hattersley in *The World*. Yet at the same time we are told that the game does not, like chess or bridge, love, or the stock-market, demand the whole man:

> While luck does play an important part, a definite amount of skill is necessary for success at backgammon, far more than is suspected by the novice who has supplied himself with a board and a book of elementary rules, and sets out to conquer the world.
>
> In backgammon, luck balances skill in approximately the same proportion as in bridge, that is about 25 to 30 per cent. is skill and 70 to 75 per cent. luck. Because of this, experts say, the game is not a passing fancy, but has come to take its place along with bridge.

BACKGAMMON has ever "been a favorite among the gentry. Kings and their mistresses wagered their jewels on the dancing dice, while courtiers were as fascinated as their lords." And we are told as we read on:

> To Louis XIV it was second only to billiards. James I of Scotland spent the evening before his murder playing at tables with the ladies and gentlemen of his court

MELLOWED A HUNDRED MILLION YEARS
While ferns grew high as trees in PENNSYLVANIA

GLANCE into any petroleum trade journal and you will see that Bradford-Allegany crude oil commands the highest price of all Pennsylvania grade crudes. For Bradford-Allegany crude was formed a hundred million years ago during the Devonian Age—that wonderful age which produced so little of the world's oil compared to other geological ages—yet produced it of such superior quality!

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at the abbey of the Black Friars in Perth. It is also recorded that in 1479, when the Duke of Albany, brother of James III, was confined in Edinburgh Castle, he invited the captain of the guard to sup with him, and the evening was spent "in much hilarity, with many libations and play at tables." In the morning the royal prisoner had disappeared and his gaoler-guest lay "a blackened corpse upon the hearth"—backgammoned beyond a doubt.

Madame Pompadour was another ardent fan, and owned many expensive boards, one notable one being inlaid with gold and ivory with men of green and white ivory delicately carved.

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"From time immemorial," says a writer of that day, "backgammon has held the foremost position among the élite of popular games. It has ever been a game for the higher classes, and has never been vulgarized or defiled by uneducated people."

So determined were the nobles to keep the game for themselves that Philip Augustus went so far as to prohibit any one in the Army of the Crusades under the degree of a knight from playing at backgammon.

And to make sure even then that it would not become too common for kings to play, there was a scale of betting for the knights, nobles, and prelates, beyond which they might not play. To kings only was given the right to play for unlimited stakes.

The origin of backgammon, whose popularity seems to have outlasted all other ancient forms of amusement, "disappears into the maze of antiquity," we learn, continuing:

> There are more conflicting accounts regarding its invention than there are communities claiming to be the birthplace of Homer. In the tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen was found a gaming board with sets of men and dice. Similar discoveries have revealed that a game played with draftsmen and dice was known in Ur of the Chaldees more than five thousand years ago. As soon as some recently excavated ruin reveals evidence that might definitely place backgammon's birthplace, something new turns up to set the story of the game back a few thousand years or so into prehistoric times.

UNDENIABLE record is the mural from "the tomb of Nefretari, the beautiful queen of Rameses II, who ruled in 1300 B. C., during the Nineteenth Dynasty," Miss Hattersley tells us as she concludes:

> In accordance with the Eyptian custom of burial, when images of servants, miniatures of boats and chariots and pictures of daily activities were placed in the tomb so that the departed one could enjoy all the pleasures of her earthly life in the after life, this picture of the queen playing tables was included, so that her soul could indulge in a game whenever she desired. Just why no opponent was given her is not known, the artist possibly declining to assume the responsibility of prophesying with what departed spirit she would choose to play.

And now even money bets are being made as to whether the backgammon craze will last longer that mah jong did.

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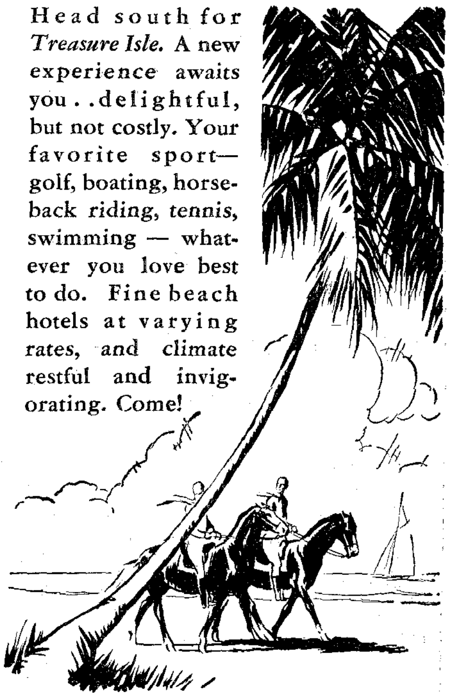

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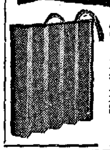

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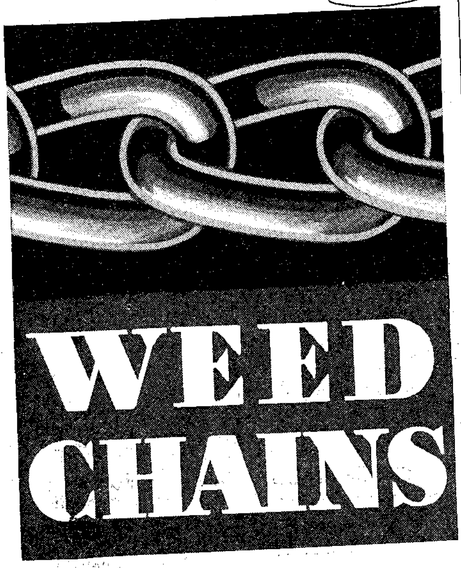

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1 Grizzly + 1 Flour-Bag = 1 Polar Bear

THE big white bear reared to his hind feet. The half-breed Aleut Indian, terrified at the savage form seen in the dim light of his little Alaskan cabin, turned and tried to run, Evan J. David tells us in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine. But "the bear was too quick for him. He slapped out with his paw, and the long claws scraped the side of the Aleut's face, tearing the flesh off."

Scrambling to his feet, the badly scared and injured Indian raced down the ravine toward the cabin of Mr. Nichols, superintendent of the cannery where he worked.

"There's a ghost bear in my cabin!" he yelled as he ran.

Polar bears never stray that far south. He knew this, and he was very superstitious, says the writer, continuing:

> A few minutes later a second Aleut came up. He had not seen the fracas, nor heard the shouts of his friend; and, not suspecting the fate that awaited him, he stept into the cabin. He saw the bear too late. Before the frightened Aleut could turn about and try to escape the big bear had crusht in the back of his skull with one quick blow.
>
> The animal, now panic-stricken, dashed out of the cabin just as Mr. Nichols came running up with a repeating rifle. Seeing him, the bear swung around and charged straight at him. Nichols raised his rifle. He was afraid the bullets might glance off the bear's sloping forehead, so he aimed for the left eye. The bullet found its mark, but still the bear came charging on. Again Nichols fired, this time at the right eye. The second bullet struck home. The bear plunged onward a few more feet and then dropt in his tracks.
>
> That bearskin is still in Mr. Nichols's family—without a mark on its fur. He was not a white bear. He was a grizzly that had gone into the cabin to get some food. Ripping open the flour-bags, he had dusted the flour over his sides until he looked like a ghost in the dim cabin light.

STORIES like that have given the bear a reputation for being a dangerous, ferocious animal that will attack without warning and without provocation, says Mr. David, discussing Bruin with special reference to his warlike tendencies. Continuing:

> Few people realize that a bear which attacks a man undoubtedly thinks he is cornered and has to fight his way out. So laws are passed which permit the bear to be shot in any number and at any time of the year—with the result that the grizzly which once ruled the mountain forests of the great Northwest may soon be extinct in the United States.
>
> Years ago there were far more grizzlies in the United States than are now in Alaska, but they are being killed off ruthlessly.
>
> Altho California has the graven image of a grizzly on its State shield, there is not one of those wonderful animals left at large in that whole huge State. And, according to a recent census by forest rangers, there are only about five grizzlies in the State of Washington. In Oregon there was only one grizzly whose nose was counted in the last wild-animal census of the United States Department of Agriculture—and near-by States couldn't boast many more.
>
> For years now the American Game Protective Association and American and Canadian sportsmen, naturalists, and scientists have been fighting to have the State and provincial legislatures of the United States and Canada enact laws protecting the North American bears as game animals, that can be killed or trapt only at given seasons of the year, and in limited numbers, like deer, ducks, or beaver.
>
> The success of these concentrated efforts has been varied.
>
> No sooner does a legislature pass a protective law than the farmers or the sheep and cattle rangers raise a howl about bears killing off their stock. Then pressure is brought upon the legislators, and the law is changed so that anybody can kill all the bears he chooses.

REGARDING the ferociousness of the grizzly bear, there is a great divergence of opinion, Mr. David concedes. *Field and Stream*, he recalls, puts the question, "Will a grizzly bear attack without provocation?" to the leading sportsmen, hunters, rangers, and naturalists in America. The general conclusion "may be summed up rather accurately by the remarks of Frank Dufresne, who has traveled extensively in Alaska." He said, as quoted by *The Herald Tribune:*

> If left strictly alone, and avoided by as wide a margin as possible, the grizzly will attack only on rare occasions. If proper respect is not shown, he will attack once in a while. If met unawares on a sharp turn in the trail or at his kill, he will attack a little oftener than once in a while, and if surprized on his own beaten trails through the bush, or wounded, he will attack.
>
> Sometimes you can stare a grizzly out of countenance. I was climbing a steep trail along the rim of a canyon that dropt sheer away for a thousand feet. The path threaded along the top of this big drop, sometimes within a few inches of the edge, and I had to watch my steps pretty close, for in some places the bank had crumpled up a little.
>
> Just ahead the trail swung in where a rock castle hung on the edge of the canyon. As I came to the turn in the trail, an old female grizzly stept into sight from behind a rock, not over fifteen feet away. She rose slowly to her hind feet, holding me steadily in her eye while I slipt my rifle into position and prest down the hammer.
>
> Her lips drew back and showed me a pretty set of teeth, but she did not come for me. One yard behind me yawned the canyon's edge. I held off firing because I was afraid I could not finish her off before she reached me.
>
> We stood there like a couple of statues for ten minutes, I guess. Once or twice she turned her head a bit, but her eyes never left mine, and she made me feel that she knew she had the advantage of me. Finally she dropt on her four feet, turning as she did so, and slipt out of sight behind the rocks. The second she disappeared I ran down the sheep trail for a hundred yards or so. Then I worked around the

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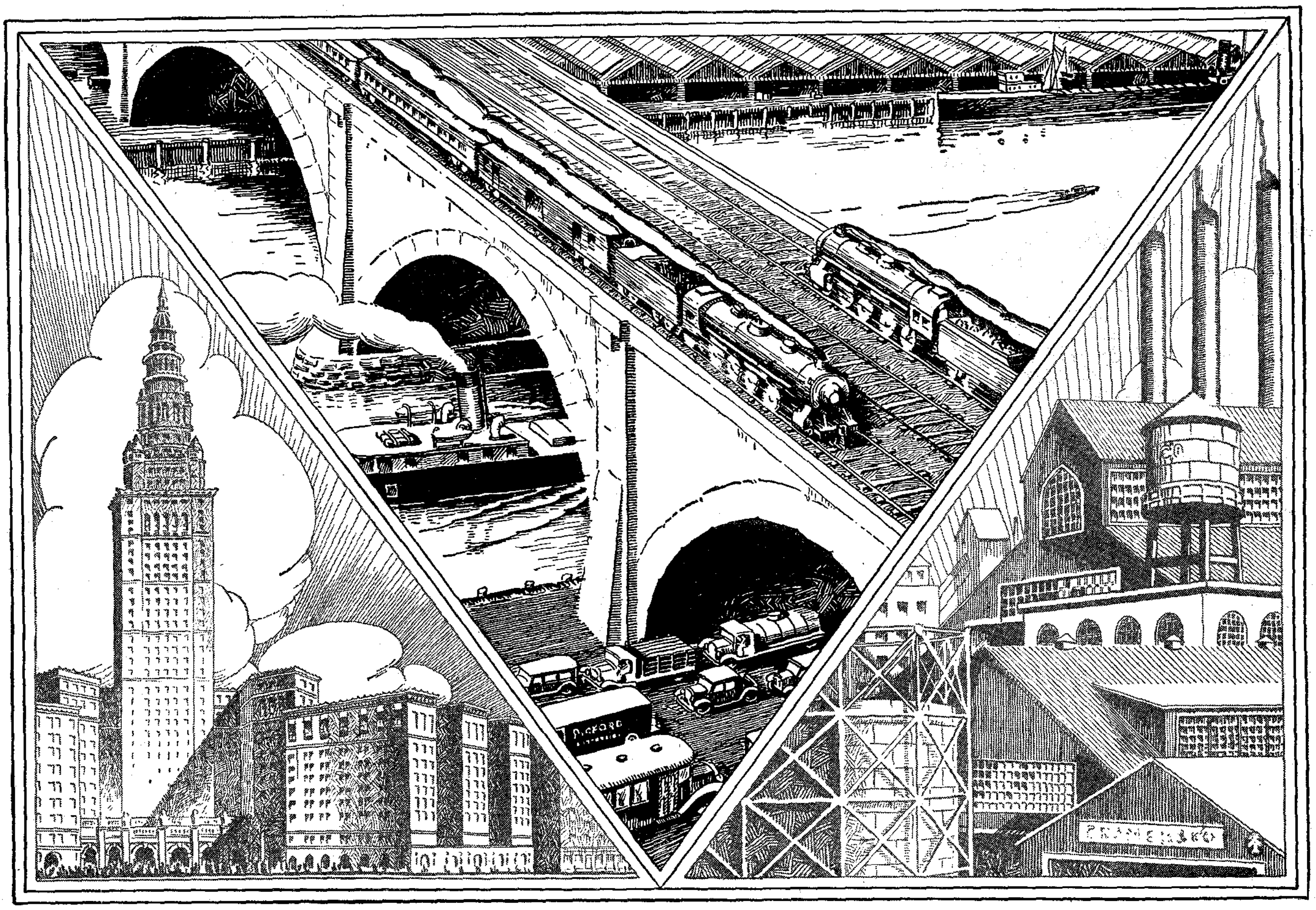

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slope to where I could get a view of the other side of the rocks.

Nearly a mile away and tearing for all she was worth was the old grizzly, and with her were two spring cubs! She had stood and bluffed me at the rocks just long enough for her cubs to make their getaway down the other side of the mountain.

Making Germans into Frenchmen

THE miracle of Strasbourg—the transformation of a German city into one typically and predominantly French—has been practically accomplished within the comparatively few years since the World War.

The change could not be made in less than a generation, it was affirmed by some when this historic city was restored to France after the war. But it has been done, we are told by E. M. Newman in his new travel book, "Seeing France" (Funk & Wagnalls); and there are mighty few loose ends left hanging out.

Several years after the war, says Mr. Newman, "the city was as German as ever. Waiters at the hotels and restaurants spoke French conspicuously when a guest entered the establishment. But they quickly inquired, '*Verstehen Sie Deutsch?*' and if they received an affirmative answer, they were pleased, and the guest received far better service." At that time, we are told:

> They said that Strasbourg would not be French before another generation; but they were mistaken.
>
> To-day one finds it as typically French as the Parisian boulevards.
>
> All the shop signs are in the French language, and so are the advertisements on the tramcars and buses, and the menus at the restaurants and hotels.
>
> The visitor hardly hears a word of German, unless he announces that he understands that language and can not understand French. German has become a concession or courtesy to visitors; French is the official and almost the universal language. It is considered not so "polite" to speak in German.
>
> The principal stores have taken on a chic that is typically French, and never observed in Germany, even in the metropolis. Paris newspapers are the popular reading of the people. The streets in the center of the town are filled with little iron tables and chairs, where people spend hours, sipping coffee or cordials, and gossiping about the affairs of the day.
>
> One observes a few beer-drinkers; but they may be seen anywhere in France.
>
> Even citizens of German ancestry (particularly the younger generation) appear to enjoy the innovation. Probably they had a smattering of French before the war, for many of the population understood and spoke both languages; but now they seem to chat loudly in the cafés to prove their fluency in the French tongue.
>
> The leaven has worked.
>
> Often it is a slow process; but there has been speedy accomplishment at Strasbourg. It seems that all that remains untouched of this typical old German city is its cathedral and its manufacture of *pâté de foies gras.*

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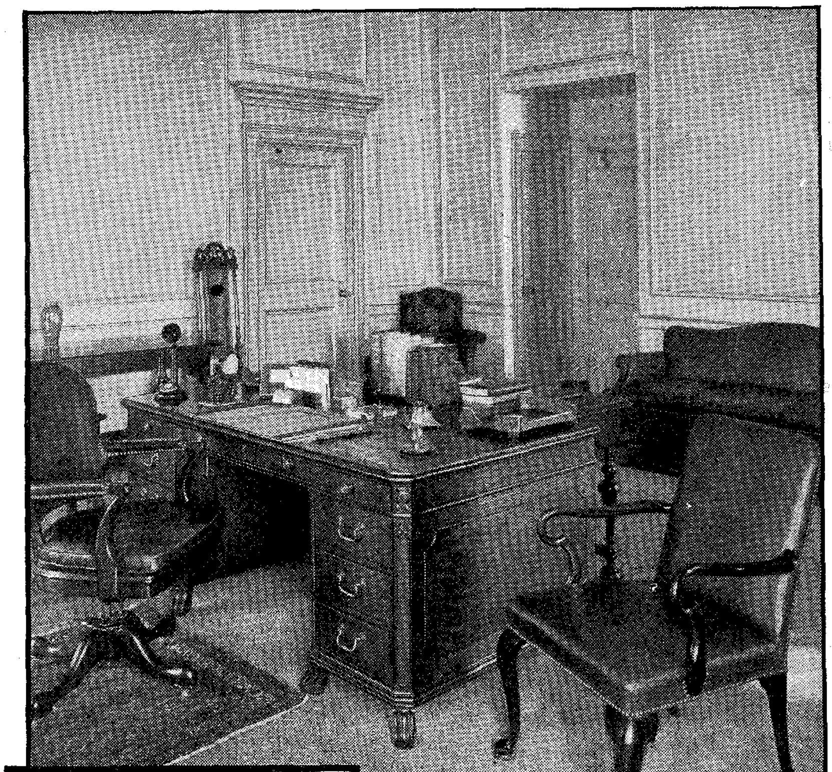

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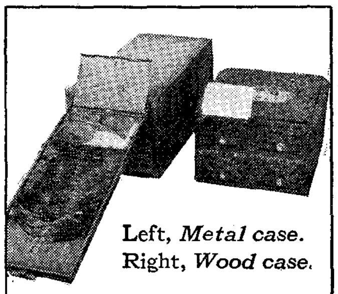
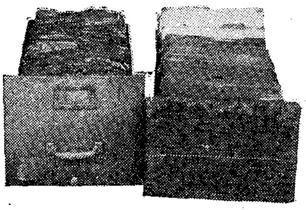


Left, *Metal case.*
Right, *Wood case.*



Left, *Files in metal.*
Right, *Files in wood*

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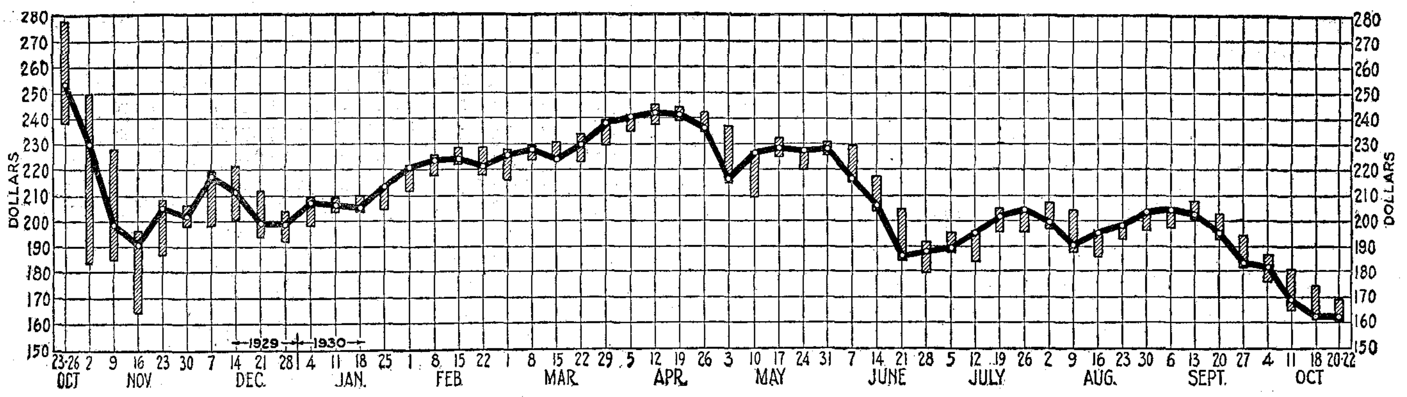

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Record of a Bear Year in the Stock Market

This chart shows the course of stock prices on the New York Stock Exchange from the close of the market, October 23, 1929, to the close on October 22, 1930. It is compiled by the New York "Times," on the basis of the combined average prices of fifty representative stocks, the black line showing closing prices by weeks, the rectangle the range of prices each week.

How a Bear Market Behaves

SPEAKING OF ANNIVERSARIES, Wall Street is celebrating—without any jubilation except in bear circles—the end of the great Coolidge bull market which toppled over with a crash heard round the world just a year ago.

Those who have wondered why the crash came when it did, and why the upswings since that dreadful November have been so temporary, and why this bear market has continued until it has been with us a whole long year, are finding their questions answered in the financial pages of the papers these days.

And if some of this history isn't so very cheerful, there is food for encouragement in the stress laid on the really healthier condition of the market after the drastic purging and in the suggestion that just as prices couldn't go up forever, to please the bulls, so the bears are likely to find out that there is a limit beyond which prices can not be forced down.

Also, there does seem to be a feeling that the next major move must be in the upward direction, altho prices may remain about where they are for some time to come.

If we want to pick a date to keep in mind, we can remember that the low point of the autumn crash last year was reached on November 13. Or, if you prefer a date a trifle earlier, there is October 24, which is considered the beginning of the acute phase of the collapse and the day on which that famous "consortium" of bankers was formed to stabilize the decline.

At any rate, the market crashed a year ago, and it hasn't yet recovered. A New York *Times* writer puts it this way: "As compared with the swollen figure that toppled over last autumn, it is to-day an anemic thing, shrunken and emaciated."

A year ago, the economic foundations of the stock market, notes a writer in the New York *Herald Tribune*, had been undermined by world-wide overproduction, decline in commodity prices, increases in bank rates, to say nothing of overspeculation. "The first warning crack in the fantastic structure of speculation and overproduction" came with the Hatry failure, in London, in September. Prices began to slip more or less gently downward until October 24.

THIS date the writer in *The Herald Tribune* speaks of as "the Waterloo of the aggressive bull coalition which had contemptuously disregarded warnings of Federal Reserve officials and thoughtful bankers."

On this day the volume of trading on the New York Stock Exchange reached the unprecedented total of 12,894,650 shares. This was the worst day the exchange had ever experienced, with 100 picked stocks composing *The Herald Tribune's* index declining 11.31 points at their lowest, or about $11,000,000,000. The all-time record for volume was again broken on October 29, when 16,410,030 shares were sold. The low point of the year was reached on November 13, 1929, when *The Herald Tribune's* selected list touched a low of 154.63, compared with a high of 208.87 on September 3 of the same year. On October 24, the bankers' consortium managed to bring some semblance of order into the dealings on the exchange. As the writer in *The Herald Tribune* continues:

> The gravity of the situation, after October 24, was fully realized by a few persons, but no one seemed prepared for the violent liquidation which developed in ensuing weeks and has continued, with occasional interruptions, until to-day. It is true that stock prices in the spring of this year recovered approximately one-half their losses of last October-November, but since then they have gone well below the 1929 lows.
>
> The stock exchange reported that on October 1, 1929, all listed securities had an aggregate market value of $87,073,630,423, with an average share value of $83.06.
>
> Against this stupendous total, the same list, including additions of new stock, had an aggregate value, on October 1, 1930, of $60,143,183,105, or $46.84 a share.
>
> The valuation a share tells the story more eloquently, and perhaps more accurately, than the total valuation of the augmented list, giving an indicated drop in value of nearly 50 per cent. a share. Taking into consideration the declines on the London Stock Exchange, the New York Curb, the New York unlisted market, the Paris and Berlin bourses, and the various European and American provincial markets, the total decline in share values is stupendous. With a decline of nearly $30,000,000,000 in the valuation of the New York stock exchange list, it is plausible to assume that all share values have declined as much as $100,000,000,000 from the peaks of 1929.
>
> Taking into consideration the decline in value of raw materials and inventories of finished goods, the international deflation in the last year has been tremendous. While the stock market in no sense can be said to have started the international decline, it served as the barometer of the real storm ahead.
>
> One of the salient features of the panic of 1929 was that it differed in important respects from panics in the past. There have been no important banking failures as a result of the shake-up, attesting to the strength of the banking system of the United States.
>
> Only five stock exchange firms have been suspended in the last year, three of them very small houses.
>
> All important industries of the country are in better statistical condition than they were a year ago, altho current business being done is on a smaller scale.

THE history of the stock market from the close of the session of October 23, 1929, to the close of business on October 22, 1930, is analyzed by Eugene M. Lokey in the New York *Times*, and is accompanied by a chart, herewith reproduced, showing the course of the combined averages of fifty representative stocks during that period. The writer points out that there was a minor upswing in November and December, and then a sustained advance through January, February, and March. He explains that the first stages of this move "were accounted for

Opportunities to Buy Bond Income *as liberal as in 1920-21* are here again

PERIODS of business depression confuse many investors . . . bring unreasoned pessimism . . . just as boom periods create extreme and unsound optimism. In either case, reactions follow . . . which, however, leave in good position and ready to take advantage of new conditions, those who have not blindly followed the crowd.

Today, in some respects, the situation in the bond market is similar to that existing in 1920-21 when many sound bonds yielded 6 to 10 per cent and more.

Now, *again,* many firmly secured bonds can be purchased well below their true value . . . The very fact that, at current prices, the yield on such bonds seems too high, deters many investors from buying them, as was also true in 1920-21.

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On the other hand, among our investment issues there are many admirably suited to those who need safety with the highest consistent rate of income, more than they need a high degree of marketability. In this class, there are opportunities not equalled since the beginning of the last decade.

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AT ALL DRUGGISTS

by an improvement in the steel and automotive industries, and the hopes of a spring trade revival."

But the upward movement did not last. To quote the writer in *The Times:*

> The most serious reversal in the stock market came in June coincident with the renewed agitation over the tariff and fresh weakness in the commodity markets. By that time, also, it had been proved to everybody's satisfaction that the spring trade revival was a frustrated hope.

A recovery came in July, while "August was the month of drought scare," and "it became apparent, late in the month, that expectations of a pick-up in business in the early autumn were not to be fulfilled satisfactorily." Then—

> September ushered in the sustained reaction which has carried into late October.
>
> The signal for this decline, it is now agreed, was given when it became certain that the seasonal improvement in business in the autumn would be disappointing, but the disastrous break of the month was precipitated by disturbances abroad, more specifically the developments attending the German elections and revolutionary activities in South America.

Now, a year after the great crash, "even in its present attitude of resignation and bewilderment, taking fright at its own shadows, and ridden whip and spur by an exultant bear party, the market's position is far from hopeless," continues Mr. Lokey—

> It is orderly and quiet, whereas it was being torn violently in phenomenally heavy trading a year ago. It is technically stronger; it has been "liquidated" more thoroughly, perhaps, than in the last five years, and it has put behind it a full year's discouragements.

BUT the big fact which this writer wants to emphasize is that "the market in its recurring fits of despondency has not given recognition to the following factors which reflect the country's economic strength and its power of recovery":

> Our banking system has emerged from what was possibly its severest test with unimpaired strength and usefulness.
>
> The violent readjustments occasioned by the market collapse have increased the prestige and enlarged the capacity of the Federal Reserve.
>
> The foreign-trade balance is running more strongly in our favor than at any time since 1922.
>
> The position of the United States as a creditor country has been enhanced.
>
> There is no problem of "frozen credits" such as plagued the country in 1921.
>
> Inventories of raw materials and manufactured goods, in the hands of retailers, wholesalers, and manufacturers, are so slender as to give every promise of a quickened demand in the near future.
>
> The fall in commodity prices has been halted, and in some products a definite turn for the better has appeared.
>
> The aggregate of dividend disbursements, which touches directly the prosperity of millions of stockholders, holds close to the total up to this time a year ago, if the most complete records available may be accepted as representative of the country.
>
> Above all of this, however, the point of

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greatest strength, in the eyes of hard-headed economists, is that the country has discarded some of the pet illusions which furnished the stimulus for the frenzied speculation which collapsed a year ago.

How long recovery on the stock exchange will be delayed seems to this writer a "profitless conjecture." But he does quote Wall Street bankers to the effect that a revival of the speculative fever in the epidemic proportions it assumed in 1928 and 1929 is not expected for years to come.

The only possible conclusion, after a year of deflation, is that conditions, from now on, must get better, reflects the previously quoted writer in the New York *Herald Tribune*, altho of course there is a strong bear party in the Street "trying to profit by pessimism." This writer feels that while the decline may not be at an end, the next major movement is likely to be upward, and he concludes:

> It is certainly a fact that responsible business and financial leaders do not share the view-point of the bearish coterie in the stock market, and look forward to a period of quiescence such as was seen following the bear markets of 1921-22 before share prices once again start on the upswing.

"Keeping Down with the Joneses"

THE picture of "United States Buying Power," drest in kilts, tightly gripping a purse, is one cartoonist's idea of a conspicuous tendency of the day, and he uses the descriptive caption, "Gone Scotch on Us All of a Sudden." "It's smart to be thrifty," runs a line in the current advertising of a New York department store.

This sort of thing comes under the eye of the editor of *The American Banker*, who wonders whether we are not going a little too far in "keeping down with the Joneses," just as we overdid "keeping up with the Joneses," in other days.

"In all sections of the country," reflects this editor, "people by some mental phenomenon evolved a philosophy which justified them in evading grocery and rent bills because speculators in Wall Street were wiped out and forced to turn their stately mansions and apartments back to the previous owners." Many, we are told, are actually "using store credit to enable them to accumulate hoarded money or savings." And, this writer concludes, "maybe it is a result of just being human":

> When the Joneses are doing nicely, we pretend we are keeping up with them. Can it be that when the Joneses fall, we also pretend to keep up—which means down—with them, so that if the conversation turns from expectations and the after-effects of moonshine, to bear markets and the after-effects of speculation, we can still speak their language? And can it be that we'd all be healthier, wealthier, and wiser if we refrained from commiserating with the Joneses?
>
> There would certainly be more savings in times of production and more spending in times like this, if we were cleverer.

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Texas Corporation

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Answered at Last.—SHE (in poetical mood)—"What are the wild waves saying?"

HE—"Sounds like 'splash.'"—*Panther.*

Service Plus.—STENOGRAPHER—"Your little girl wants to kiss you over the phone."

BUSY MANAGER—"Take the message. I'll get it from you later."—*New York Watchman-Examiner.*

Small Oversight.—"Did you cancel all my engagements, as I told you, Smithers?"

"Yes, sir, but Lady Millicent didn't take it very well. She said you were to marry her next Monday!"—*Tit-Bits.*

Waiting to Be Shown.—"Whaffo' you sharpenin' 'at razor?"

"Woman, they's a paih o' gemmun's shoes undeh you bed. If they ain't no niggah IN them shoes—Ah'm gonna shave!"—*Purple Cow.*

A Miss as Good as a Mile.—"Met a beautiful girl this summer in the West Indies."

"Jamaica?"

"Not quite."—*Juggler.*

On the Sunny Side of the Grass.—"My brother is working with five thousand men under him."

"Where?"

"Mowing lawns in a cemetery."—*Log.*

Banking On Wifey's Nerves.—JINKS—"My wife thought she heard burglars last night, and I went straight downstairs to investigate."

BINKS—"Gosh, how could you be so positive she was mistaken?"—*Chicago News.*

And So Does the Dog.—MUSICAL WIFE—"It's strange, but when I play the piano, I always feel extraordinarily melancholy."

HUSBAND—"So do I, dearest."—*Passing Show.*

Fact-Finding Stuff.—A committee of five usually consists of the man who does the work, three others to pat him on the back, and one to bring in a minority report. —*Royal Arcanum Bulletin.*

Acid Test.—YOUNG WIFE—"It says 'beat the white of eggs till stiff.' I think they must be done now."

HUBBY—"Why, are they stiff?"

YOUNG WIFE—"No, but I am."—*Humorist (London).*

Knows the Patter.—"My friend," began the man with the bagful of religious tracts, persuasively, "have you ever reflected on the shortness of life and the fact that death is inevitable?"

"Have I?" replied the business man. "Well, I should say so. I am an insurance agent."—*Pathfinder.*

There'd Be Millions in It.—HISTORY LECTURER—"Can any of you tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

CORPULENT LADY—"I don't know, or I'd take some myself."—*Reformed Church Messenger.*

Make Him Smile, Smile, Smile!—BEAUTY SPECIALIST—"Yes, madam, I remember lifting your face."

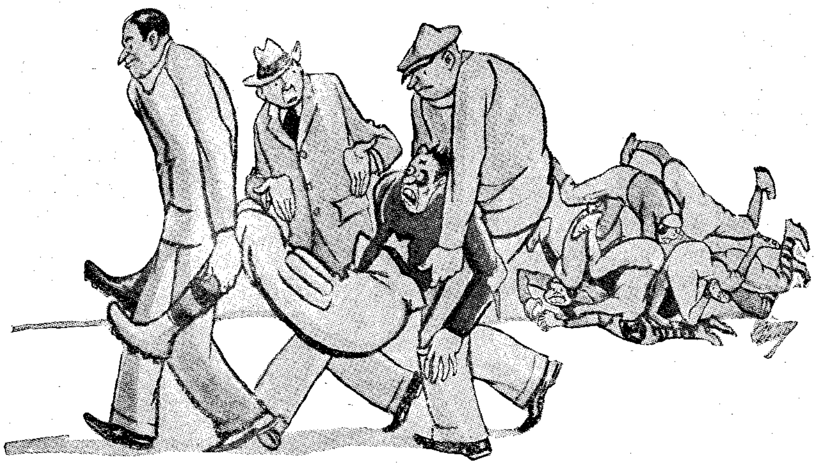
CLIENT—"That's right. And now I wish you could lift my husband's. As soon as you sent your bill it dropt badly."—*Passing Show (London).*

Turn On the Heat.—FLAPPER—"Don't you speak to him any more?"

DITTO—"No! Whenever I pass him I give him the geological survey."

"Geological survey?"

"Yes, that's what is commonly known as the stony stare."—*Kansas Sour Owl.*



"Cheer up, Ed; there's another game next Saturday!"

—"Judge."

No Flowers.—A very modern employer has ordered the following notice to be posted in his business premises:

"Any workman desiring to attend the funeral of a near relative must notify the foreman before ten A. M., on the day of the game."—*New York Watchman-Examiner.*

Vinegar Fiend?—AUNT HETTY—"Sakes alive! I don't believe no woman could ever been so fat."

UNCLE HIRAM—"What y' readin' now, Hetty?"

AUNT HETTY—"Why, this paper tells about an Englishwoman that lost two thousand pounds."—*New Outlook.*

All Depends on the Pin.—The business man was telling a friend of the beginning of his successful career.

"I got my start in life," he said, "through picking up a pin in the street. A wholesale merchant that I had asked for work had turned me down, and on my way out I saw a pin. I—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the friend. "You picked it up, the merchant was imprest by your carefulness, called you back and made you the head of the firm."

"Not at all," retorted the business man. "I picked up the pin and sold it. It was a diamond pin."—*Bennington Banner.*

Naval Reduction.—"And how is your husband getting on with his reducing exercises?"

"You'd be surprized—that battle-ship 'e 'ad tattooed on 'is chest is now only a row-boat!"—*U. P. Magazine.*

Drilling the Enemy.—"Do you object to hecklers?"

"Not under certain circumstances," answered Senator Sorghum. "They're a great help if you can meet 'em beforehand, and have 'em well rehearsed."—*Washington Star.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Every Bullet Has Its Billet.—Policeman Leo Grant was shot through the stomach and John Marcinoak, Indiana Harbor taxicab-driver, through the hip, while a trusty at the jail was shot in the excitement.—*San Francisco Call-Bulletin.*

Might Nail 'Em.—Wanted—Girl. Apply at dispensary, one who can sew buttons on the third floor.—*Hatsboro (Pa.) paper.*

Be Forehanded.—If you join the Successful Endowment Assn. 3 mos before marriage or birth you will have 3 times as much money for the occasion.—*Ad in the Houston Chronicle.*

Not for Sylphs.—Step-in and side-fastening girdles in pink brocade and rayon satin, combined with elastic. In the 9 by 12 foot size $59.75.—*Davenport Democrat and Leader.*

Good Excuse.—Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang was unable to be present due to absence.—*Hankow (China) Herald.*

When Duty Calls.—As the ushers bring the offering forward, the congregation wil rise and sin.—*Fort Wayne Church Bulletin*

Not According to Hoyle.—Dudley Scott improper murder, $5 or five days.—*Cour news in the Baton Rouge Morning Advocate*

Thanksgiving Hint.—

DAVID C. NUTT, 11,
BAKED FOR HOOVER

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

Fair Play.—

MOTHER OF TWO GIVES
MATE SOME CREDIT

—*Daily Oklahoman*

Squally for the Owners.—Information as to the owners of the dogs would be appreciated, as they should be either killed or restrained from doing further damage.—*Atascadero (Calif.) paper.*